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THE TEMPLE DRAMATISTS
Beaumont and Fletcher's PHILASTER





Francis Beaumont.

PHILASTER

OR

Love Lies A-Bleeding

A Play written by

FRANCIS BEAUMONT

AND

JOHN FLETCHER

*Edited with a Preface, Notes
and Glossary by*

FREDERICK S. BOAS, M.A.

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‘THE first play that brought Fletcher and him in esteem was their *Philaster*; for before that they had written two or three very unsuccessfully. . . . Their plots were generally more regular than Shakespeare’s, especially those which were made before Beaumont’s death; and they understood and imitated the conversation of gentlemen much better; whose wild debaucheries, and quickness of wit in repartees, no poet before them could paint as they have done. Humour, which Ben Jonson derived from particular persons, they made it not their business to describe; they represented all the passions very lively, but above all love. I am apt to believe the English language in them arrived to its highest perfection; what words have since been taken in are rather superfluous than ornamental.’—DRYDEN.

PREFACE

Early Editions. In the Stationers' Register, under the date 10 January, 1619-20, we find the entry:—

Thomas Walkley

Entred for his copie vnder the handes of

Master Tauernor and Master Jaggard warden vj^d

A Play Called Philaster.

The edition here referred to is the Quarto of 1620, with the title: *Philaster; or, Love lyes a Bleeding. Acted at the Globe by his Maiesties Servants.*

Written by { *Francis Baymont*
 and
 John Fletcher } *Gent.*

Printed at London for Thomas Walkley, and are to be sold at his shop at the Eagle and Child in Brittaines Bursse, 1620, 4^o. On the title-page there is also a small woodcut representing 'The Princes,' 'A Cunttrie Gentellman,' and 'Philaster,' and illustrating a situation in Act iv. Scene 3 of the play. This edition begins and ends in an entirely different manner from all its successors. Its text up to line 117 in Act i. and from line 38 in Act v. Scene 4 is manifestly spurious, and it is corrupt in other places. But in certain passages it preserves what appears

to be the true reading. It contains a list of 'The Actors Names,' but no Preface.

The Second Quarto appeared in 1622, with the title: *Philaster or Love lies a Bleeding. As it hath been diverse times Acted at the Globe, and Blacke-Friers, by his Maiesties Servants.*

Written by { Francis Beaumont
and
John Fletcher } Gent.

The second Impression, corrected, and amended. London, Printed for Thomas Walkley, and are to be solde at his shoppe, at the signe of the Eagle and Childe, in Brittaines Bursse, 1622, 4^o. This edition has no woodcut or list of characters, but it contains the following Preface, 'To the Reader.' Courteous Reader. Philaster and Arethusa his loue, haue laine so long a bleeding, by reason of some dangerous and gaping wounds, which they received in the first Impression that it is wondered how they could go abroad so long, or trauaile as farre as they haue done. Although they were hurt neither by me, nor the Printer; yet I knowing and finding by experience, how many well-wishers they haue abroad, haue adventured to bind up their wounds, to enable them to visite vpon better tearmes, such friends of theirs as were pleased to take knowledge of them, so mained and deformed, as they at the first were, and if they were then gracious in your sight, assuredly they will now finde double fauour, being reformed, and set forth suitable to their birth, and breeding. By your serviceable Friend, Thomas Walkley. This edition was the first to give the true text of the play, and as it appeared during the lifetime of Fletcher, who

may not improbably have resented the publication of the corrupt Quarto of 1620, it is of peculiar value.

The third Quarto appeared in 1628, with the title : *Printed by A. M. for Richard Hawkins, and are to be sold at his Shop in Chancery-lane, adioyning to Sarjeants Inne gate.* It contains the following Preface from 'The Stationer to The Understanding Gentry.' *This play so affectionatly taken and approved by the Seeing Auditors, or Hearing Spectators (of which sort, I take or conceive you to bee the greatest part) hath received (as appears by the copious vent of two Editions) no lesse acceptance with improouement of you likewise the Readers, albeit the first Impression swarm'd with Errors, proouing it selfe like pure Gold, which the more it hath beene tried and refined, the better is esteemed ; the best Poems of this kind, in the first presentation, resemble that all tempting minerall newly digged vp, the acters being onely the labouring Miners, but you the skilfull Triers and Refiners : Now considering how currant this hath passed vnder the infallible stampe of your iudicious censure, and applause, and (like a gainefull office in this Age) eagerly sought for, not onely by those that have heard and seene it, but by others that have meerely heard thereof : here you behold me acting the merchant-aduenturers part, yet as well for their satisfaction as mine own benefit, and if my hopes (which I hope, shall neuer lye like this Loue a Bleeding) doe fairely arrive at their intended Hauen, I shall then be ready to lade a new Bottome, and set forth againe, to gaine the good-will both of you and them. To whom respectively I conuey this hearty greeting. Adieu.*

This Preface, which is repeated in later Quartos, sufficiently attests the play's popularity, of which still stronger proof is furnished by the number of editions that were rapidly called

for. A 'fourth Impression' appeared in 1634, and it was followed by a reprint in 1639. This reprint was issued by William Leake, who published two further Quartos in 1652 and in 1660.¹ The play was included in the Second Folio Edition of Beaumont and Fletcher's works, 1679, and subsequently was reissued in Quarto form in 1687 and 1717.

Date. The date of *Philaster* cannot be exactly fixed, but it is probably 1609 or 1610. John Davies of Hereford, in his *Scourge of Folly*, which is assigned by Oldys to 1611, alludes to the play in an epigram addressed to 'the well-deserving Mr. John Fletcher.' Dryden, in his *Essay on Dramatic Poesy*, states that 'the first play that brought Fletcher and [Beaumont] in esteem was their *Philaster*, for before that they had written two or three very unsuccessfully.' The exact beginning of their literary partnership is not known, but it dates, in all probability, from about 1608. Allowing for the unsuccessful ventures of which Dryden speaks, we arrive at 1609 or 1610 as the approximate date of the play.

The Joint-Authorship of the Play. It is highly questionable whether any very fruitful result has been attained by attempts to pluck out the heart of the mystery of the great twin-brethren's joint-productions, and to assign to each his respective share of the creative work. The unique glory of their dramatic partnership lies in its successful preservation of its secret, and its organic creations cannot be analysed into

¹ This is the hypothetical date assigned in the British Museum Catalogue to the Quarto, which contains no statement of its year of publication.

component parts by mechanical tests. As a contemporary, Berkenhead, declared in a commendatory poem—

' Each piece is wholly two, yet never splits ;
 Ye are not two faculties and one soul still,
 He th' understanding, thou the quick free-will,
 But as two voices in one song embrace,
 Fletcher's keen treble and deep Beaumont's base.'

Early tradition merely indicates that Beaumont supplied 'judgment,' and checked his companion's exuberance of 'wit.' Thus Cartwright, in lines addressed to Fletcher, asserts—

' Beaumont was fain
 To bid thee be more dull ; that 's write again
 And bate some of thy fire, which from thee came
 In a clear, bright, full, but too large aflame.'

Aubrey and Dryden have borne similar witness. Such a consensus of tradition cannot be ignored, but it is difficult to see in what respects the joint-plays are more signalised by 'judgment' than many of which Fletcher is sole author. Recent criticism has accordingly sought a more definite test in metrical characteristics. Mr. Fleay, in his well-known paper in the *New Shakspere Society's Transactions*, distinguishes in the plays written by Fletcher alone a number of well-marked characteristics, of which the chief are—(1) the very frequent union of double endings with a pause in the sense at the end of the line : (2) an infrequent use of rhyme ; (3) a complete absence of prose. In the joint plays, accordingly, where these characteristics occur, he traces the hand of Fletcher ; all other scenes he assigns to Beaumont.¹ But the results of this method arouse

¹ In a later note (January 1876) Mr. Fleay makes a qualification which goes far to rob his conclusions of their significance. 'These two friends . . .

suspicion by the extravagantly preponderant share in the plays that is thus attributed to Beaumont. In the case of *Philaster*, Mr. Fleay leaves to Fletcher only the fourth scene of Act v., and another critic, Mr. G. C. Macaulay, in his *Francis Beaumont, A Critical Study*, goes one stage further, and asserts that in the play 'it is impossible to find any mark of Fletcher.' This is the *reductio ad absurdum* of the 'metrical test' method of investigation, and is a practical acknowledgment that *Philaster*, at any rate, defies the disruptive processes of the modern *Chorizontes*.

Characteristics of the Play. But however we may apportion the credit of the achievement between the two authors, there can be but one opinion as to the unique charm of the drama, 'the loveliest though not the loftiest of tragic plays which we owe to the comrades or the successors of Shaksperc.' How far the plot is original we cannot tell, but hitherto no source has been discovered. The resemblance between the fortunes of Euphrasia-Bellarion, and of Fellisarda in the *Diana* of Montemayor, or Zelmane in Sidney's *Arcadia*, does not go beyond the donning of page's attire by each of the ladies that she may follow her lover in disguise. There is more warrant for tracing Shakspearean influences. Euphrasia and Viola in their exquisite tenderness and supreme self-sacrifice have a kinship that cannot be accidental, and the relations of Arethusa, Philaster, and Pharamond are suggestively parallel to those of Imogen, Posthumus, and Cloten in the earlier scenes of *Cymbe-*

habitually aided each other, not only by writing scenes separately in each play, but also by writing portions of scenes, speeches, or even lines in the same scenes jointly. . . . Fletcher's hand can frequently be traced in Beaumont's prose scenes, though he never introduces prose himself.'

line.¹ But most unmistakable is the resemblance in the First Act between the situation and character of Philaster and of Hamlet. The speech in which Philaster describes how his 'father's spirit' bids him be a king is assuredly an echo of the midnight interview between the Danish Prince and the ghostly visitant at Elsinore.

Whatever its debt to earlier romances or dramas, *Philaster* bears throughout the stamp of creative originality. Its merit does not lie primarily in its plot. The action in the earlier scenes moves at a lagging pace; the accusation of unchastity brought by Megra against Arethusa is too flimsy to bear the weight of the well-nigh tragic developments that follow; and the 'citizen' scenes in the last Act are not vitally enough related to the main story. But Hallam is very far from justified in stigmatising the plot as 'most absurdly managed.' There is profound dramatic irony in the fact that Dion, in the hope of promoting Philaster's interests, should make a charge against Arethusa which involves his own daughter in dishonour, and the series of events which leads up to the revelation of her true sex is admirably devised.

But it is in character-drawing and in diction that the genius of the authors is pre-eminently shown. Philaster—though, as Dryden pointed out, he stains his manhood by wounding his mistress and afterwards his page—is an interesting study of a finely-tempered but over-impulsive nature. Pharamond, a somewhat *outré* variation on the *miles gloriosus* type, forms an effective foil; and Dion is a clever sketch of a loyal, but at times wrong-headed, soldier-politician. Megra, however repul-

¹ It is possible, though not probable, that *Philaster* was an earlier play than *Cymbeline*.

sive, is drawn with much realistic vigour; and Arethusa has a soft and winning grace. But eclipsing all the rest stands the figure of Euphrasia-Bellario, one of the most exquisite children of the Lyric Muse that has ever strayed from her native haunts into the dramatic sphere. From the opening unforgettable picture, in which Philaster tells how he found his 'boy' sitting by a fountain's side, till the speech in which the avowal of her true sex is wrung from her unwilling lips, Euphrasia lives and moves in an atmosphere of ideal beauty. 'Her passions are made of nothing but the finest part of pure love,' and her lips are musical with the very quintessence of silvery eloquence.

This virginal charm of speech is, in its perfection, Euphrasia's alone, but the witchery of exquisitely limpid diction pervades the whole play. When Dryden declared that in Beaumont and Fletcher's dramas 'the English language arrived at its highest perfection,' he might have cited *Philaster* specially in support of his view. It is certainly remarkable that just when Shakspeare's style was entering on its most elliptical and intricate stage, and when 'conceits' were reigning in lyric poetry, that such matchless purity and simplicity of expression should have been attained by the twin-dramatists. It is their glory to have done for our blank verse what Addison a century later was to do for our prose.

Later History of the Play. The enduring popularity of *Philaster* is attested not only by the numerous editions but by the successive adaptations which were made of the play. The fourth scene of Act v. was acted as a 'droll' at country fairs during the suppression of the theatres, under the title of

The Club-Men. In 1664 a ballad, 'Love in Languishment,' embodying the story of the drama, was published in Thomas Jordan's *Royal Arbor of Loyal Poesie*. In 1695 Elkanah Settle produced, at the Theatre Royal, a revised version of the play, with the last two Acts rewritten, and with a Prologue and Epilogue. The Prologue contains the following tribute:—

' Poets of their new plays so vainly fond,
Mistake the Bristol for the Diamond,
But when reviv'd *Philaster* does appear
We come secure, bring sterling merit here,
A staunch old Orient with true lustre dres't,
Wit that has stood the hammer, bore the test.'

In 1714 there was printed in a collection of the works of George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, *The Restauration ; or, Right will take Place : a Tragic-comedy*, which is an adaptation of *Philaster*, with the names of the *dramatis personæ* entirely changed. It is, however, doubtful whether the Duke is really responsible for the piece.

The most successful version of the play was that of George Colman, produced at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, in 1763. His aim was 'to remove the objections to the performance of this excellent play on the modern stage,' and he therefore left out several scenes, including Act II. Scene 4. The Prologue is interesting as a sign of the growing reaction from the pseudo-classic to the romantic drama.

' While modern tragedy, by rule exact,
Spins out a thin-wrought fable, Act by Act,
We dare to bring you one of those bold plays
Wrote by rough English wits in former days,

Beaumont and Fletcher ; those twin stars that run
Their glorious course round Shakespeare's golden sun,
Or when Philaster Hamlet's place supplied,
Or Bessus walk'd the stage by Falstaff's side.'

Colman's version was reprinted in 1764, 1780, and 1791.

Colman edited, in 1778, Beaumont and Fletcher's works in ten volumes, and succeeding editions have been those of Weber, 1812 ; Darley, 1840 ; and Dyce, 1843. Of these, that of Dyce is far the fullest and most valuable. *Philaster* has not been hitherto published separately, but Benno Leonhardt in *Anglia* (vol. xix.) has printed the chief textual variations in the early editions. The same writer, in *Anglia* (vol. viii.), wrote a suggestive but over-elaborated article on the relations of *Philaster* to *Hamlet* and *Cymbeline*. The play has been translated into German by A. Seubert.



PHILASTER

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

- ✓ KING
- | PHILASTER, Heir to the Crown of Sicily
- 3 PHARAMOND, Prince of Spain
- | DION, a Lord
- | CLEREMONT
- | THRASILINE
- | An old Captain
- | Citizens
- | A Country Fellow
- | Two Woodmen
- Guard, Attendants.

- | ARETHUSA, Daughter to the King
- | EUPHRASIA, Daughter to Dion, disguised as a
Page under the name of BELLARIO
- ✓ MEGRA, a Court Lady
- / GALATEA, a Lady attending the Princess
- Two other Ladies

SCENE.—MESSINA and its neighbourhood.

PHILASTER

OR

LOVE LIES A-BLEEDING

ACT THE FIRST

SCENE I

The Presence Chamber in the Palace.

Enter Dion, Cleremont, and Thrasiline.

Cle. Here's nor lords nor ladies.

Dion. Credit me, gentlemen, I wonder at it. They received strict charge from the King to attend here: besides, it was boldly published, that no officer should forbid any gentleman that desired to attend and hear.

Cle. Can you guess the cause?

Dion. Sir, it is plain, about the Spanish Prince, that's come to marry our kingdom's heir and be our sovereign. 10

Thra. Many, that will seem to know much, say she looks not on him like a maid in love.

Dion. Faith, sir, the multitude, that seldom know anything but their own opinions, speak that they would

have ; but the prince, before his own approach, received so many confident messages from the state, that I think she's resolved to be ruled.

Cle. Sir, it is thought, with her he shall enjoy both these kingdoms of Sicily and Calabria. 19

Dion. Sir, it is without controversy so meant. But 'twill be a troublesome labour for him to enjoy both these kingdoms with safety, the right heir to one of them living, and living so virtuously ; especially, the people admiring the bravery of his mind and lamenting his injuries.

Cle. Who, Philaster ?

Dion. Yes ; whose father, we all know, was by our late King of Calabria unrighteously deposed from his fruitful Sicily. Myself drew some blood in those wars, which I would give my hand to be washed from. 30

Cle. Sir, my ignorance in state-policy will not let me know why, Philaster being heir to one of these kingdoms, the King should suffer him to walk abroad with such free liberty.

Dion. Sir, it seems your nature is more constant than to inquire after state-news. But the King, of late, made a hazard of both the kingdoms, of Sicily and his own, with offering but to imprison Philaster ; at which the city was in arms, not to be charmed down by any state-order or proclamation, till they saw Philaster ride through the streets pleased and without a guard ; at which they threw their hats and

their arms from them ; some to make bonfires, some to drink, all for his deliverance : which wise men say is the cause the King labours to bring in the power of a foreign nation to awe his own with.

Enter Galatea, a Lady, and Megra.

Thra. See, the ladies ! What 's the first ?

Dion. A wise and modest gentlewoman that attends the princess. 50

Cle. The second ?

Dion. She is one that may stand still discreetly enough, and ill-favouredly dance her measure ; simper when she is courted by her friend, and slight her husband.

Cle. The last ?

Dion. Faith, I think she is one whom the state keeps for the agents of our confederate princes ; she'll cog and lie with a whole army, before the league shall break. Her name is common through the kingdom, and the trophies of her dishonour advanced beyond Hercules' Pillars. She loves to try the several constitutions of men's bodies ; and, indeed, has destroyed the worth of her own body by making experiment upon it for the good of the commonwealth.

Cle. She's a profitable member.

Meg. Peace, if you love me : you shall see these gentlemen stand their ground and not court us.

Gal. What if they should? 70

La. What if they should !

Meg. Nay, let her alone.—What if they should ! Why, if they should, I say they were never abroad : what foreigner would do so ? it writes them directly untravelled.

Gal. Why, what if they be ?

La. What if they be !

Meg. Good madam, let her go on.—What if they be ! Why, if they be, I will justify, they cannot maintain discourse with a judicious lady, nor make a leg nor say ‘excuse me.’ 81

Gal. Ha, ha, ha !

Meg. Do you laugh, madam ?

Dion. Your desires upon you, ladies !

Meg. Then you must sit beside us.

Dion. I shall sit near you then, lady.

Meg. Near me, perhaps : but there’s a lady endures no stranger ; and to me you appear a very strange fellow.

La. Methinks he’s not so strange ; he would quickly be acquainted. 91

Thra. Peace, the King !

Enter King, Pharamond, Arethusa, and Attendants.

King. To give a stronger testimony of love
Than sickly promises (which commonly
In princes find both birth and burial

In one breath) we have drawn you, worthy sir,
To make your fair endearments to our daughter,
And worthy services known to our subjects,
Now loved and wondered at ; next, our intent
To plant you deeply our immediate heir 100
Both to our blood and kingdoms. For this lady
(The best part of your life, as you confirm me,
And I believe), though her few years and sex
Yet teach her nothing but her fears and blushes,
Desires without desire, discourse and knowledge
Only of what herself is to herself,
Make her feel moderate health ; and when she
sleeps,

In making no ill day, knows no ill dreams :
Think not, dear sir, these undivided parts,
That must mould up a virgin, are put on 110
To show her so, as borrowed ornaments,
To speak her perfect love to you, or add
An artificial shadow to her nature—

No, sir ;
I boldly dare proclaim her yet no woman.
But woo her still, and think her modesty
A sweeter mistress than the offered language
Of any dame, were she a queen, whose eye
Speaks common loves and comforts to her servants.
Last, noble son (for so I now must call you), 120
What I have done thus public, is not only
To add a comfort in particular

To you or me, but all ; and to confirm
The nobles and the gentry of these kingdoms
By oath to your succession, which shall be
Within this month at most.

Thra. This will be hardly done.

Cle. It must be ill done, if it be done.

Dion. When 'tis at best, 'twill be but half done, whilst
So brave a gentleman is wronged and flung off.

Thra. I fear.

Cle. Who does not? 130

Dion. I fear not for myself, and yet I fear too :

Well, we shall see, we shall see. No more.

Pha. Kissing your white hand, mistress, I take leave
To thank your royal father ; and thus far
To be my own free trumpet. Understand,
Great King, and these your subjects, mine that
must be

(For so deserving you have spoke me, sir,
And so deserving I dare speak myself),
To what a person, of what eminence,
Ripe expectation, of what faculties, 140
Manners and virtues, you would wed your king-
doms ;

You in me have your wishes. Oh, this country !
By more than all the gods, I hold it happy ;
Happy in their dear memories that have been
Kings great and good ; happy in yours that is ;
And from you (as a chronicle to keep

Your noble name from eating age) do I
 Opine myself most happy. Gentlemen,
 Believe me in a word, a prince's word,
 There shall be nothing to make up a kingdom 150
 Mighty and flourishing, defencèd, feared,
 Equal to be commanded and obeyed,
 But through the travels of my life I'll find it,
 And tie it to this country. By all the gods
 My reign shall be so easy to the subject,
 That every man shall be his prince himself
 And his own law—yet I his prince and law.
 And, dearest lady, to your dearest self
 (Dear in the choice of him whose name and lustre
 Must make you more and mightier) let me say, 160
 You are the blessed'st living ; for, sweet princess,
 You shall enjoy a man of men to be
 Your servant ; you shall make him yours, for whom
 Great queens must die.

Thra. Miraculous !

Cle. This speech calls him Spaniard, being nothing but
 a large inventory of his own commendations.

Dion. I wonder what 's his price ; for certainly
 He'll sell himself, he has so praised his shape.
 But here comes one more worthy those large
 speeches,

Enter Philaster.

Than the large speaker of them.

170

Let me be swallowed quick, if I can find,
In all the anatomy of yon man's virtues,
One sinew sound enough to promise for him,
He shall be constable. By this sun, he'll ne'er
make king,

Unless it be of trifles, in my poor judgment.

Phi. [*kneeling.*] Right noble sir, as low as my obedience,

And with a heart as loyal as my knee,
I beg your favour.

King. Rise ; you have it, sir. [*Philaster rises.*

Dion. Mark but the King, how pale he looks, he fears !

Oh, this same whorson conscience, how it jades
us ! 180

King. Speak your intents, sir.

Phi. Shall I speak 'em freely ?
Be still my royal sovereign.

King. As a subject,
We give you freedom.

Dion. Now it heats.

Phi. Then thus I turn
My language to you, prince ; you, foreign man !
Ne'er stare nor put on wonder, for you must
Endure me, and you shall. This earth you tread
upon

(A dowry, as you hope, with this fair princess),
By my dead father (oh, I had a father,

Whose memory I bow to !) was not left
To your inheritance, and I up and living— 190
Having myself about me and my sword,
The souls of all my name and memories,
These arms and some few friends beside the
 gods—

To part so calmly with it, and sit still
And say, 'I might have been.' I tell thee, Pharamond,

When thou art king, look I be dead and rotten,
And my name ashes : for, hear me, Pharamond !
This very ground thou goest on, this fat earth,
My father's friends made fertile with their faiths,
Before that day of shame shall gape and swallow
Thee and thy nation, like a hungry grave, 201
Into her hidden bowels ; prince, it shall ;
By the just gods, it shall !

Pha. He's mad ; beyond cure, mad.

Dion. Here is a fellow has some fire in 's veins :
The outlandish prince looks like a tooth-drawer.

Phi. Sir prince of popinjays, I'll make it well
Appear to you I am not mad.

King. You displease us :
You are too bold.

Phi. No, sir, I am too tame,
Too much a turtle, a thing born without passion,
A faint shadow, that every drunken cloud 210
Sails over, and makes nothing.

King. I do not fancy this.

Call our physicians : sure, he's somewhat tainted.

Thra. I do not think 'twill prove so.

Dion. H'as given him a general purge already,
For all the right he has ; and now he means
To let him blood. Be constant, gentlemen :
By heaven, I'll run his hazard,
Although I run my name out of the kingdom !

Cle. Peace, we are all one soul.

Pha. What you have seen in me to stir offence, 220
I cannot find, unless it be this lady,
Offered into mine arms with the succession ;
Which I must keep (though it hath pleased your
fury
To mutiny within you), without disputing
Your genealogies, or taking knowledge
Whose branch you are : the King will leave it
me,

And I dare make it mine. You have your answer.

Phi. If thou wert sole inheritor to him
That made the world his, and couldst see no sun
Shine upon any thing but thine ; were Pharamond
As truly valiant as I feel him cold, 231
And ringed among the choicest of his friends
(Such as would blush to talk such serious follies,
Or back such bellied commendations),
And from this presence, spite of all these bugs,
You should hear further from me.

King. Sir, you wrong the prince ; I gave you not this freedom

To brave our best friends : you deserve our frown.
Go to ; be better tempered.

Phi. It must be, sir, when I am nobler used. 240

Gal. Ladies,

This would have been a pattern of succession,
Had he ne'er met this mischief. By my life,
He is the worthiest the true name of man
This day within my knowledge.

Meg. I cannot tell what you may call your knowledge ;
But the other is the man set in mine eye :
Oh, 'tis a prince of wax !

Gal. A dog it is.

King. Philaster, tell me

The injuries you aim at in your riddles. 250

Phi. If you had my eyes, sir, and sufferance,
My griefs upon you and my broken fortunes,
My wants great, and now nothing-hopes and fears,
My wrongs would make ill riddles to be laughed at.
Dare you be still my king, and right me ?

King. Give me your wrongs in private.

Phi. Take them,
And ease me of a load would bow strong Atlas.

[*They whisper.*]

Cle. He dares not stand the shock.

Dion. I cannot blame him ; there's danger in 't. 259
Every man in this age has not a soul of crystal, for

all men to read their actions through : men's hearts and faces are so far asunder, that they hold no intelligence. Do but view yon stranger well, and you shall see a fever through all his bravery, and feel him shake like a true tenant : if he give not back his crown again upon the report of an elder-gun, I have no augury.

King. Go to ;

Be more yourself, as you respect our favour ;
You'll stir us else. Sir, I must have you know, 270
That you are, and shall be, at our pleasure, what
Fashion we will put upon you. Smooth your brow,
Or by the gods——

Phi. I am dead, sir ; you're my fate. It was not I
Said, I was wronged : I carry all about me
My weak stars lead me to, all my weak fortunes.
Who dares in all this presence speak (that is
But man of flesh, and may be mortal), tell me,
I do not most entirely love this prince, 279
And honour his full virtues !

King. Sure, he's possessed.

Phi. Yes, with my father's spirit. It's here, O King,
A dangerous spirit ! now he tells me, King,
I was a king's heir, bids me be a king,
And whispers to me, these are all my subjects.
'Tis strange he will not let me sleep, but dives
Into my fancy, and there gives me shapes
That kneel and do me service, cry me king :

But I'll suppress him ; he 's a factious spirit,
And will undo me. Noble sir, your hand ;
I am your servant.

King. Away ! I do not like this : 290
I'll make you tamer, or I'll dispossess you
Both of your life and spirit. For this time
I pardon your wild speech, without so much
As your imprisonment.

*[Exeunt King, Pharamond, Arethusa,
and Attendants.]*

Dion. I thank you, sir ! you dare not for the people.

Gal. Ladies, what think you now of this brave fellow ?

Meg. A pretty talking fellow, hot at hand. But eye yon
stranger : is he not a fine complete gentleman ?
Oh, these strangers, I do affect them strangely !
they do the rarest home-things, and please the
fullest ! As I live, I could love all the nation over
and over for his sake. 302

Gal. Gods comfort your poor head-piece, lady ! 'tis a
weak one, and had need of a night-cap.

[Exeunt Galatea, Megra, and Lady.]

Dion. See, how his fancy labours ! Has he not
Spoke home and bravely ? what a dangerous
train

Did he give fire to ! how he shook the King,
Made his soul melt within him, and his blood
Run into whey ! it stood upon his brow
Like a cold winter-dew.

Phi. Gentlemen, 310

You have no suit to me? I am no minion :
You stand, methinks, like men that would be
courtiers,
If I could well be flattered at a price,
Not to undo your children. You're all honest :
Go, get you home again, and make your country
A virtuous court, to which your great ones may,
In their diseasèd age, retire and live recluse.

Cle. How do you, worthy sir?

Phi. Well, very well ;
And so well that, if the King please, I find
I may live many years.

Dion. The King must please, 320
Whilst we know what you are and who you are,
Your wrongs and injuries. Shrink not, worthy sir,
But add your father to you ; in whose name
We'll waken all the gods, and conjure up
The rods of vengeance, the abusèd people,
Who, like to raging torrents, shall swell high,
And so begirt the dens of these male-dragons,
That, through the strongest safety, they shall beg
For mercy at your sword's point.

Phi. Friends, no more ;
Our ears may be corrupted ; 'tis an age 330
We dare not trust our wills to. Do you love me?

Thra. Do we love heaven and honour?

Phi. My Lord Dion, you had

A virtuous gentlewoman called you father ;
Is she yet alive ?

Dion. Most honoured sir, she is ;
And, for the penance but of an idle dream,
Has undertook a tedious pilgrimage.

Enter a Lady.

Phi. Is it to me,
Or any of these gentlemen, you come ?

Lady. To you, brave lord ; the princess would entreat
Your present company. 340

Phi. The princess send for me ! you are mistaken.

Lady. If you be called Philaster, 'tis to you.

Phi. Kiss her fair hand, and say I will attend her.
[*Exit Lady.*]

Dion. Do you know what you do ?

Phi. Yes ; go to see a woman.

Cle. But do you weigh the danger you are in ?

Phi. Danger in a sweet face !

By Jupiter, I must not fear a woman !

Thra. But are you sure it was the princess sent ?

It may be some foul train to catch your life.

Phi. I do not think it, gentlemen ; she's noble. 350

Her eye may shoot me dead, or those true red
And white friends in her cheeks may steal my soul
out ;

There's all the danger in't : but, be what may,
Her single name hath armèd me. [*Exit.*]

Dion.

Go on,

And be as truly happy as thou'rt fearless ! 355

Come, gentlemen, let's make our friends acquainted,

Lest the King prove false. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II

*Arethusa's Apartment in the Palace.**Enter Arethusa and a Lady.**Are.* Comes he not?*Lady.* Madam?*Are.* Will Philaster come?*Lady.* Dear madam, you were wont to credit me
At first.*Are.* But didst thou tell me so?

I am forgetful, and my woman's strength
Is so o'ercharged with dangers like to grow
About my marriage, that these under-things
Dare not abide in such a troubled sea.
How looked he when he told thee he would come?

Lady. Why, well.*Are.* And not a little fearful?*Lady.* Fear, madam ! sure, he knows not what it is. 10*Are.* You are all of his faction ; the whole court
Is bold in praise of him ; whilst I
May live neglected, and do noble things,

As fools in strife throw gold into the sea,
Drowned in the doing. But, I know he fears.

Lady. Fear, madam ! methought, his looks hid more
Of love than fear.

Are. Of love ! to whom ? to you ?
Did you deliver those plain words I sent,
With such a winning gesture and quick look
That you have caught him ?

Lady. Madam, I mean to you

Are. Of love to me ! alas, thy ignorance 21

Lets thee not see the crosses of our births !
Nature, that loves not to be questionèd
Why she did this or that, but has her ends,
And knows she does well, never gave the world
Two things so opposite, so contrary,
As he and I am : if a bowl of blood,
Drawn from this arm of mine, would poison thee,
A draught of his would cure thee. Of love to me !

Lady. Madam, I think I hear him.

Are. Bring him in. [*Exit Lady.*

You gods, that would not have your dooms with-
stood, 31

Whose holy wisdoms at this time it is,
To make the passions of a feeble maid
The way unto your justice, I obey.

Re-enter Lady with Philaster.

Lady. Here is my Lord Philaster.

Are. Oh, 'tis well.

Withdraw yourself. *[Exit Lady.]*

Phi. Madam, your messenger
Made me believe you wished to speak with me.

Are. 'Tis true, Philaster ; but the words are such
I have to say, and do so ill beseem
The mouth of woman, that I wish them said, 40
And yet am loath to speak them. Have you known
That I have aught detracted from your worth ?
Have I in person wronged you ? or have set
My baser instruments to throw disgrace
Upon your virtues ?

Phi. Never, madam, you.

Are. Why, then, should you, in such a public place,
Injure a princess, and a scandal lay
Upon my fortunes, famed to be so great,
Calling a great part of my dowry in question ?

Phi. Madam, this truth which I shall speak will be 50
Foolish : but, for your fair and virtuous self,
I could afford myself to have no right
To any thing you wished.

Are. Philaster, know,
I must enjoy these kingdoms.

Phi. Madam, both ?

Are. Both, or I die : by heaven, I die, Philaster,
If I not calmly may enjoy them both.

Phi. I would do much to save that noble life :
Yet would be loath to have posterity
Find in our stories, that Philaster gave
His right unto a sceptre and a crown 60
To save a lady's longing.

Are. Nay, then, hear :
I must and will have them, and more——

Phi. What more?

Are. Or lose that little life the gods prepared
To trouble this poor piece of earth withal.

Phi. Madam, what more ?

Are. Turn, then, away thy face.

Phi. No.

Are. Do.

Phi. I can endure it. Turn away my face !
I never yet saw enemy that looked
So dreadfully, but that I thought myself
As great a basilisk as he ; or spake 70
So horribly, but that I thought my tongue
Bore thunder underneath, as much as his ;
Nor beast that I could turn from : shall I then
Begin to fear sweet sounds ? a lady's voice,
Whom I do love ? Say, you would have my
life ;
Why, I will give it you ; for 'tis to me
A thing so loathed, and unto you that ask

Of so poor use, that I shall make no price :

If you entreat, I will unmovedly hear.

Are. Yet, for my sake, a little bend thy looks. 79

Phi. I do.

Are. Then know, I must have them and thee.

Phi. And me?

Are. Thy love ; without which, all the land
Discovered yet will serve me for no use
But to be buried in.

Phi. Is't possible?

Are. With it, it were too little to bestow
On thee. Now, though thy breath do strike me
dead

(Which, know, it may), I have unript my breast.

Phi. Madam, you are too full of noble thoughts,
To lay a train for this contemnèd life,
Which you may have for asking : to suspect
Were base, where I deserve no ill. Love you ! 90
By all my hopes, I do, above my life !
But how this passion should proceed from you
So violently, would amaze a man
That would be jealous.

Are. Another soul into my body shot
Could not have filled me with more strength and
spirit

Than this thy breath. But spend not hasty time
In seeking how I came thus : 'tis the gods,
The gods, that make me so ; and, sure, our love

Will be the nobler and the better blest, 100
In that the secret justice of the gods
Is mingled with it. Let us leave, and kiss ;
Lest some unwelcome guest should fall betwixt us,
And we should part without it.

Phi. 'Twill be ill

I should abide here long.

Are. 'Tis true ; and worse
You should come often. How shall we devise
To hold intelligence, that our true loves,
On any new occasion, may agree
What path is best to tread ?

Phi. I have a boy,
Sent by the gods, I hope, to this intent 110
Not yet seen in the court. Hunting the buck,
I found him sitting by a fountain's side,
Of which he borrowed some to quench his thirst,
And paid the nymph again as much in tears.
A garland lay him by, made by himself
Of many several flowers bred in the vale,
Stuck in that mystic order that the rareness
Delighted me : but ever when he turned
His tender eyes upon 'em, he would weep,
As if he meant to make 'em grow again. 120
Seeing such pretty helpless innocence
Dwell in his face, I asked him all his story :
He told me that his parents gentle died,
Leaving him to the mercy of the fields

Which gave him roots ; and of the crystal springs,
Which did not stop their courses ; and the sun,
Which still, he thanked him, yielded him his light.
Then took he up his garland, and did show
What every flower, as country-people hold,
Did signify, and how all, ordered thus, 130
Expressed his grief ; and, to my thoughts, did read
The prettiest lecture of his country-art
That could be wished : so that methought I could
Have studied it. I gladly entertained
Him, who was glad to follow ; and have got
The trustiest, loving'st, and the gentlest boy
That ever master kept. Him will I send
To wait on you, and bear our hidden love.

Re-enter Lady.

Are. 'Tis well ; no more.

Lady. Madam, the prince is come to do his service.

Are. What will you do, Philaster, with yourself? 141

Phi. Why, that which all the gods have appointed out
for me.

Are. Dear, hide thyself. —

Bring in the prince.

[Exit Lady.]

Phi. Hide me from Pharamond !

When thunder speaks, which is the voice of Jove,
Though I do reverence, yet I hide me not ;
And shall a stranger-prince have leave to brag

Unto a foreign nation, that he made
Philaster hide himself?

Are. He cannot know it.

Phi. Though it should sleep for ever to the world, 150
It is a simple sin to hide myself,
Which will for ever on my conscience lie.

Are. Then, good Philaster, give him scope and way
In what he says ; for he is apt to speak
What you are loath to hear : for my sake, do.

Phi. I will.

Re-enter Lady with Pharamond.

Pha. My princely mistress, as true lovers ought,
I come to kiss these fair hands, and to show,
[*Exit Lady.*

In outward ceremonies, the dear love
Writ in my heart. 160

Phi. If I shall have an answer no directlier,
I am gone.

Pha. To what would he have answer?

Are. To his claim unto the kingdom.

Pha. Sirrah, I forbare you before the King——

Phi. Good sir, do so still : I would not talk with you.

Pha. But now the time is fitter : do but offer
To make mention of right to any kingdom,
Though it be scarce habitable——

Phi. Good sir, let me go.

Pha. And by the gods——

Phi. Peace, Pharamond ! if thou——

Are. Leave us, Philaster. 170

Phi. I have done. [Going.

Pha. You are gone ! by Heaven I'll fetch you back.

Phi. You shall not need. [Returning.

Pha. What now ?

Phi. Know, Pharamond,

I loathe to brawl with such a blast as thou,
Who art nought but a valiant voice ; but if
Thou shalt provoke me further, men shall say,
'Thou wert,' and not lament it.

Pha. Do you slight

My greatness so, and in the chamber of
The princess ?

Phi. It is a place to which I must confess
I owe a reverence ; but were't the church, 180
Ay, at the altar, there's no place so safe,
Where thou dar'st injure me, but I dare kill thee :
And for your greatness, know, sir, I can grasp
You and your greatness thus, thus into nothing.
Give not a word, not a word back ! Farewell.

[Exit.

Pha. 'Tis an odd fellow, madam ; we must stop
His mouth with some office when we are married.

Are. You were best make him your controller.

Pha. I think he would discharge it well. But, madam,
I hope our hearts are knit ; and yet so slow 190

The ceremonies of state are, that 'twill be long
 Before our hands be so. If then you please,
 Being agreed in heart, let us not wait
 For dreaming form, but take a little stolen
 Delights, and so prevent our joys to come.

Are. If you dare speak such thoughts, I must withdraw
 in honour. [*Exit.*

Pha. The constitution of my body will never hold out
 till the wedding ; I must seek elsewhere. [*Exit.*

ACT THE SECOND

SCENE I

*An Apartment in the Palace.**Enter Philaster and Bellario.*

Phi. And thou shalt find her honourable, boy ;
Full of regard unto thy tender youth,
For thine own modesty ; and, for my sake,
Apter to give than thou wilt be to ask,
Ay, or deserve.

Bel. Sir, you did take me up
When I was nothing ; and only yet am something
By being yours. You trusted me unknown ;
And that which you were apt to conster
A simple innocence in me, perhaps
Might have been craft, the cunning of a boy 10
Hardened in lies and theft : yet ventured you
To part my miseries and me ; for which,
I never can expect to serve a lady
That bears more honour in her breast than you.

Phi. But, boy, it will prefer thee. Thou art young,
And bear'st a childish overflowing love
To them that clap thy cheeks and speak thee fair
yet ;
But when thy judgment comes to rule those
passions,
Thou wilt remember best those careful friends
That placed thee in the noblest way of life. 20
She is a princess I prefer thee to.

Bel. In that small time that I have seen the world,
I never knew a man hasty to part with
A servant he thought trusty : I remember,
My father would prefer the boys he kept
To greater men than he , but did it not
Till they were grown too saucy for himself.

Phi. Why, gentle boy, I find no fault at all
In thy behaviour.

Bel. Sir, if I have made
A fault in ignorance, instruct my youth : 30
I shall be willing, if not apt, to learn ;
Age and experience will adorn my mind
With larger knowledge ; and if I have done
A wilful fault, think me not past all hope
For once. What master holds so strict a hand
Over his boy, that he will part with him
Without one warning ? Let me be corrected,
To break my stubbornness, if it be so,
Rather than turn me off ; and I shall mend.

Phi. Thy love doth plead so prettily to stay, 40
That, trust me, I could weep to part with thee.
Alas, I do not turn thee off ! thou know'st
It is my business that doth call thee hence ;
And when thou art with her, thou dwell'st with me.
Think so, and 'tis so : and when time is full,
That thou hast well discharged this heavy trust,
Laid on so weak a one, I will again
With joy receive thee ; as I live, I will !
Nay, weep not, gentle boy. 'Tis more than time
Thou didst attend the princess.

Bel. I am gone. 50
But since I am to part with you, my lord,
And none knows whether I shall live to do
More service for you, take this little prayer :
Heaven bless your loves, your fights, all your
designs !
May sick men, if they have your wish, be well ;
And Heaven hate those you curse, though I be
one ! [Exit.

Phi. The love of boys unto their lords is strange ;
I have read wonders of it : yet this boy
For my sake (if a man may judge by looks
And speech) would out-do story. I may see 60
A day to pay him for his loyalty. [Exit.

SCENE II

A Gallery in the Palace.

Enter Pharamond.

Pha. Why should these ladies stay so long? They must come this way: I know the queen employs 'em not; for the reverend mother sent me word, they would all be for the garden. If they should all prove honest now, I were in a fair taking; I was never so long without sport in my life, and, in my conscience, 'tis not my fault. Oh, for our country ladies!

Enter Galatea.

Here's one bolted; I'll hound at her. [*Aside.*]
 Madam! 10

Gal. Your grace!

Pha. Shall I not be a trouble?

Gal. Not to me, sir.

Pha. Nay, nay, you are too quick. By this sweet hand——

Gal. You'll be forsworn, sir; 'tis but an old glove. If you will talk at distance, I am for you: but, good prince, be not bawdy, nor do not brag; these two I bar; and then, I think, I shall have sense enough

to answer all the weighty apophthegms your royal blood shall manage. 21

Pha. Dear lady, can you love?

Gal. Dear prince! how dear? I ne'er cost you a coach yet, nor put you to the dear repentance of a banquet. Here's no scarlet, sir, to blush the sin out it was given for. This wire mine own hair covers; and this face has been so far from being dear to any, that it ne'er cost penny painting; and, for the rest of my poor wardrobe, such as you see, it leaves no hand behind it, to make the jealous mercer's wife curse our good doings. 31

Pha. You mistake me, lady.

Gal. Lord, I do so: would you or I could help it!

Pha. You're very dangerous bitter, like a potion.

Gal. No, sir, I do not mean to purge you, though I mean to purge a little time on you.

Pha. Do ladies of this country use to give
No more respect to men of my full being?

Gal. Full being! I understand you not, unless you. grace means growing to fatness; and then your only remedy (upon my knowledge, prince) is, in a morning, a cup of neat white wine brewed with carduus, then fast till supper; about eight you may eat; use exercise, and keep a sparrow-hawk; you can shoot in a tiller: but, of all, your grace must fly phlebotomy, fresh pork, conger, and clarified whey; they are all duller of the vital spirits.

Pha. Lady, you talk of nothing all this while.

Gal. 'Tis very true, sir ; I talk of you. 49

Pha. This is a crafty wench ; I like her wit well ; 'twill
be rare to stir up a leaden appetite : she's a Danaë,
and must be courted in a shower of gold [*Aside.*]—
Madam, look here ; all these, and more than——

Gal. What have you there, my lord ? gold ! now, as I
live, 'tis fair gold ! You would have silver for it,
to play with the pages : you could not have taken
me in a worse time ; but, if you have present use,
my lord, I'll send my man with silver and keep
your gold for you. [*Takes gold.*

Pha. Lady, lady ! 60

Gal. She's coming, sir, behind, will take white money.—
Yet for all this I'll match ye.

[*Aside. Exit behind the hangings.*

Pha. If there be but two such more in this kingdom,
and near the court, we may even hang up our harps.
Ten such camphire constitutions as this would call
the golden age again in question, and teach the old
way for every ill-faced husband to get his own
children ; and what a mischief that would breed,
let all consider ! 70

Enter Megra.

Here's another : if she be of the same last, the
devil shall pluck her on. [*Aside.*]—Many fair
mornings, lady.

Meg. As many mornings bring as many days,
Fair, sweet, and hopeful to your grace !

Pha. She gives good words yet ; sure this wench is
free.— [Aside.

If your more serious business do not call you,
Let me hold quarter with you ; we will talk
An hour out quickly.

Meg. What would your grace talk of?

Pha. Of some such pretty subject as yourself : 80

I'll go no further than your eye, or lip ;
There's theme enough for one man for an age.

Meg. Sir, they stand right, and my lips are yet even,
smooth,

Young enough, ripe enough, and red enough,
Or my glass wrongs me.

Pha. Oh, they are two twinned cherries dyed in blushes
Which those fair suns above with their bright
beams

Reflect upon and ripen. Sweetest beauty,
Bow down those branches, that the longing taste
Of the faint looker-on may meet those blessings, 90
And taste and live.

Meg. Oh, delicate sweet prince !

She that hath snow enough about her heart
To take the wanton spring of ten such lines off,
May be a nun without probation. [Aside.]—Sir,
You have in such neat poetry gathered a kiss,
That if I had but five lines of that number,

Such pretty begging blanks, I should commend
Your forehead or your cheeks, and kiss you too.

Pha. Do it in prose ; you cannot miss it, madam.

Meg. I shall, I shall.

Pha. By my life, but you shall not ; 100
I'll prompt you first. [*Kisses her.*] Can you do it
now ?

Meg. Methinks 'tis easy, now you ha' done't before me ;
But yet I should stick at it.

Pha. Stick till to-morrow ;
I'll never part you, sweetest. But we lose time :
Can you love me ?

Meg. Love you, my lord ! how would you have me love
you ?

Pha. I'll teach you in a short sentence, 'cause I will
not load your memory : this is all ; love me, and lie
with me.

Meg. Was it lie with you, you said ? 'tis impossible. 110

Pha. Not to a willing mind, that will endeavour : if I
do not teach you to do it as easily in one night as
you'll go to bed, I'll lose my royal blood for't.

Meg. Why, prince, you have a lady of your own
That yet wants teaching.

Pha. I'll sooner teach a mare the old measures, than
teach her anything belonging to the function. She's
afraid to lie with herself, if she have but any mascu-
line imaginations about her. I know, when we are
married, I must ravish her. 120

Meg. By my honour, that's a foul fault, indeed ;
But time and your good help will wear it out, sir.

Pha. And for any other I see, excepting your dear self,
dearest lady, I had rather be Sir Tim the school-
master, and leap a dairy-maid.

Meg. Has your grace seen the court star, Galatea ?

Pha. Out upon her ! she's as cold of her favour as an
apoplex : she sailed by but now.

Meg. And how do you hold her wit, sir ? 129

Pha. I hold her wit ? The strength of all the guard
cannot hold it, if they were tied to it ; she would
blow 'em out of the kingdom. They talk of Jupiter ;
he's but a squib-cracker to her : look well about
you, and you may find a tongue-bolt. But speak,
sweet lady, shall I be freely welcome ?

Meg. Whither ?

Pha. To your bed. If you mistrust my faith, you do me
the unnoblest wrong.

Meg. I dare not, prince, I dare not. 139

Pha. Make your own conditions, my purse shall seal 'em ;
and what you dare imagine you can want, I'll furnish
you withal : give two hours to your thoughts every
morning about it. Come, I know you are bashful ;
Speak in my ear, will you be mine ? Keep this,

[*Gives her a ring.*]

And with it me : soon I will visit you.

Meg. My lord, 150
My chamber's most unsafe ; but when 'tis night,

I'll find some means to slip into your lodging ;
Till when——

Pha. Till when, this and my heart go with thee ! 150
[*Exeunt severally.*]

Re-enter Galatea.

Gal. Oh, thou pernicious petticoat prince ! are these
your virtues ? Well, if I do not lay a train to
blow your sport up, I am no woman : and, Lady
Towsabel, I'll fit you for't. [Exit.]

SCENE III

Arethusa's Apartment in the Palace.

Enter Arethusa and a Lady.

Are. Where's the boy ?

Lady. Within, madam.

Are. Gave you him gold to buy him clothes ?

Lady. I did.

Are. And has he done't ?

Lady. Yes, madam.

Are. 'Tis a pretty sad-talking boy, is it not ?

Asked you his name ?

Lady. No, madam.

Enter Galatea.

Are. Oh, you are welcome. What good news ? 10

Gal. As good as any one can tell your grace,
That says, she has done that you would have wished.

Are. Hast thou discovered ?

Gal. I have strained a point
Of modesty for you.

Are. I prithee, how ?

Gal. In listening after bawdry. I see, let a lady
Live never so modestly, she shall be sure to find
A lawful time to hearken after bawdry.

Your prince, brave Pharamond, was so hot on't !

Are. With whom ?

Gal. Why, with the lady I suspected :
I can tell the time and place.

Are. Oh, when, and where ?

Gal. To-night, his lodging. 20

Are. Run thyself into the presence ; mingle there again
With other ladies ; leave the rest to me.

[*Exit Galatea.*

If destiny (to whom we dare not say,
Why thou didst this) have not decreed it so,
In lasting leaves (whose smallest characters
Was never altered yet), this match shall break.

[*Aside.*

Where's the boy ?

Lady. Here, madam,

Enter Bellario, richly dressed.

Are. Sir,

You are sad to change your service ; is't not so ?

Bel. Madam, I have not changed ; I wait on you, 30
To do him service.

Are. Thou disclaim'st in me.

Tell me thy name.

Bel. Bellario.

Are. Thou canst sing and play?

Bel. If grief will give me leave, madam, I can.

Are. Alas, what kind of grief can thy years know?

Hadst thou a curst master when thou went'st to school?

Thou art not capable of other grief;

Thy brows and cheeks are smooth as waters be

When no breath troubles them : believe me, boy,

Care seeks out wrinkled brows and hollow eyes,

And builds himself caves, to abide in them. 40

Come, sir, tell me truly, does your lord love me?

Bel. Love, madam ! I know not what it is.

Are. Canst thou know grief, and never yet knew'st love?

Thou art deceived, boy. Does he speak of me

As if he wished me well?

Bel. If it be love

To forget all respect of his own friends

With thinking of your face ; if it be love

To sit cross-armed and sigh away the day,

Mingled with starts, crying your name as loud

And hastily as men i' the streets do fire ; 50

If it be love to weep himself away

When he but hears of any lady dead

Or killed, because it might have been your chance ;

If, when he goes to rest (which will not be),

'Twixt every prayer he says, to name you once,
 As others drop a bead, be to be in love,
 Then, madam, I dare swear he loves you.

Are. Oh, you're a cunning boy, and taught to lie
 For your lord's credit ! but thou know'st a lie
 That bears this sound is welcomer to me 60
 Than any truth that says he loves me not.
 Lead the way, boy.—Do you attend me too.—
 'Tis thy lord's business hastes me thus. Away !
 [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV

Before Pharamond's Lodging in the Court of the Palace.

Enter Dion, Cleremont, Thrasiline, Megra, and Galatea.

Dion. Come, ladies, shall we talk a round ? As men
 Do walk a mile, women should talk an hour
 After supper : 'tis their exercise.

Gal. 'Tis late.

Meg. 'Tis all

My eyes will do to lead me to my bed.

Gal. I fear, they are so heavy, you'll scarce find
 The way to your own lodging with 'em to-night.

Enter Pharamond.

Thra. The prince !

Pha. Not a-bed, ladies ? you're good sitters-up :

What think you of a pleasant dream, to last
Till morning?

10

Meg. I should choose, my lord, a pleasing wake before
it.

Enter Arethusa and Bellario.

Are. 'Tis well, my lord; you're courting of these
ladies.—

Is't not late, gentlemen?

Cle. Yes, madam.

Are. Wait you there. [*Exit.*

Meg. She's jealous, as I live. [*Aside.*—Look you, my
lord,

The princess has a Hylas, an Adonis.

Pha. His form is angel-like.

Meg. Why, this is he

That must, when you are wed, sit by your pillow,
Like young Apollo, with his hand and voice
Binding your thoughts in sleep; the princess
Does provide him for you and for herself.

20

Pha. I find no music in these boys.

Meg. Nor I:

They can do little, and that small they do,
They have not wit to hide.

Dion. Serves he the princess?

Thra. Yes.

Dion. 'Tis a sweet boy: how brave she keeps him!

Pha. Ladies all, good rest ; I mean to kill a buck

To-morrow morning ere you 've done your dreams.

Meg. All happiness attend your grace !

[*Exit Pharamond.*]

Gentlemen, good rest.—Come, shall we go to bed ?

Gal. Yes.—All, good night.

Dion. May your dreams be true to you !—

[*Exeunt Galatea and Megra.*]

What shall we do, gallants ? 'tis late. The King 30

Is up still : see, he comes ; a guard along with him.

Enter King with Arethusa, Guards, and Attendants.

King. Look your intelligence be true.

Are. Upon my life, it is : and I do hope

Your highness will not tie me to a man

That in the heat of wooing throws me off,

And takes another.

Dion. What should this mean ?

King. If it be true,

That lady had been better have embraced

Cureless diseases. Get you to your rest :

You shall be righted.

[*Exeunt Arethusa and Bellario.*]

—Gentlemen, draw near ;

We shall employ you. Is young Pharamond 40

Come to his lodging ?

Dion. I saw him enter there.

King. Haste, some of you, and cunningly discover
If Megra be in her lodging. [*Exit.*

Cle. Sir,

She parted hence but now, with other ladies.

King. If she be there, we shall not need to make
A vain discovery of our suspicion.
You gods, I see that who unrighteously
Holds wealth or state from others shall be cursed
In that which meaner men are blest withal :
Age^s to come shall know no male of him 50
Left to inherit, and his name shall be
Blotted from earth ; if he have any child,
It shall be crossly matched ; the gods themselves
Shall sow wild strife betwixt her lord and her.
Yet, if it be your wills, forgive the sin
I have committed ; let it not fall
Upon this understanding child of mine !
She has not broke your laws. But how can I
Look to be heard of gods that must be just,
Praying upon the ground I hold by wrong? 60
[*Aside.*

Re-enter Dion.

Dion. Sir, I have asked, and her women swear she is
within ; but they, I think, are bawds. I told 'em, I
must speak with her ; they laughed, and said, their
lady lay speechless. I said, my business was im-
portant ; they said, their lady was about it. I grew

hot, and cried, my business was a matter that concerned life and death ; they answered, so was sleeping, at which their lady was. I urged again, she had scarce time to be so since last I saw her : they smiled again, and seemed to instruct me that sleeping was nothing but lying down and winking. Answers more direct I could not get : in short, sir, I think she is not there. 73

King. 'Tis then no time to dally.—You o' the guard,
Wait at the back door of the prince's lodging,
And see that none pass thence, upon your lives.—

[*Exeunt Guards.*]

Knock, gentlemen ; knock loud ; louder yet.

[*Dion, Cleremont, etc., knock at the door of Pharamond's lodging.*]

What, has their pleasure taken off their hearing ?

I'll break your meditations.—Knock again.—

Not yet ? I do not think he sleeps, having this 80
Larum by him.—Once more.—Pharamond ! prince !

[*Pharamond appears at a window.*]

Pha. What saucy groom knocks at this dead of night ?

Where be our waiters ? By my vexèd soul,

He meets his death that meets me, for this boldness.

King. Prince, prince, you wrong your thoughts ; we are
your friends :

Come down.

Pha. The King !

King. The same, sir. Come down, sir :
We have cause of present counsel with you.

Enter Pharamond below.

Pha. If your grace please

To use me, I'll attend you to your chamber.

King. No, 'tis too late, prince ; I'll make bold with
yours. 90

Pha. I have some private reasons to myself

Makes me unmannerly, and say you cannot.—

Nay, press not forward, gentlemen ; he must

Come through my life that comes here.

King. Sir, be resolved I must and will come.—Enter !

Pha. I will not be dishonoured :

He that enters, enters upon his death.

Sir, 'tis a sign you make no stranger of me,

To bring these renegadoes to my chamber

At these unseasoned hours.

King. Why do you 100
Chafe yourself so ? you are not wronged nor shall
be ;

Only I'll search your lodging, for some cause

To ourself known.—Enter, I say.

Pha. I say, no. [*Megra appears at a window.*]

Meg. Let 'em enter, prince, let 'em enter ;

I am up and ready : I know their business ;

'Tis the poor breaking of a lady's honour

They hunt so hotly after ; let 'em enjoy it.—
You have your business, gentlemen ; I lay here.
Oh, my lord the King, this is not noble in you,
To make public the weakness of a woman !

King. Come down. 110

Meg. I dare, my lord. Your hootings and your
clamours,

Your private whispers and your broad fleerings,
Can no more vex my soul than this base carriage :
But I have vengeance yet in store for some
Shall, in the most contempt you can have of me,
Be joy and nourishment.

King. Will you come down ?

Meg. Yes, to laugh at your worst ; but I shall wring
you,

If my skill fail me not. [*Exit above.*

King. Sir, I must dearly chide you for this looseness ;
You have wronged a worthy lady : but, no more.—
Conduct him to my lodging and to bed. 121

[*Exeunt Pharamond and Attendants.*

Cle. Get him another wench, and you bring him to bed
indeed.

Dion. 'Tis strange a man cannot ride a stage
Or two, to breathe himself, without a warrant.
If his gear hold, that lodgings be searched thus,
Pray Heaven we may lie with our own wives in
safety,
That they be not by some trick of state mistaken !

Enter Megra below.

King. Now, lady of honour, where's your honour now ?
No man can fit your palate but the prince :
Thou most ill-shrouded rottenness, thou piece 130
Made by a painter and a 'pothecary,
Thou troubled sea of lust, thou wilderness
Inhabited by wild thoughts, thou swoln cloud
Of infection, thou ripe mine of all diseases,
Thou all-sin, all-hell, and last all-devils, tell me,
Had you none to pull on with your courtesies
But he that must be mine, and wrong my daughter ?
By all the gods, all these, and all the pages,
And all the court, shall hoot thee through the
court,
Fling rotten oranges, make ribald rhymes, 140
And sear thy name with candles upon walls !
Do you laugh, Lady Venus ?

Meg. Faith, sir, you must pardon me ;
I cannot choose but laugh to see you merry.
If you do this, O King ! nay, if you dare do it,
By all those gods you swore by, and as many
More of my own, I will have fellows, and such
Fellows in it, as shall make noble mirth !
The princess, your dear daughter, shall stand by
me
On walls, and sung in ballads, any thing :
Urge me no more ; I know her and her haunts, 150

Her lays, leaps, and outlays, and will discover all ;
Nay, will dishonour her. I know the boy
She keeps ; a handsome boy, about eighteen ;
Know what she does with him, where, and when.
Come, sir, you put me to a woman's madness,
The glory of a fury ; and if I do not
Do't to the height——

King. What boy is this she raves at ?

Meg. Alas ! good-minded prince, you know not these things !

I am loth to reveal 'em. Keep this fault,
As you would keep your health from the hot air 160
Of the corrupted people, or, by Heaven,
I will not fall alone. What I have known
Shall be as public as a print ; all tongues
Shall speak it as they do the language they
Are born in, as free and commonly ; I'll set it,
Like a prodigious star, for all to gaze at,
And so high and glowing, that other kingdoms far
and foreign
Shall read it there, nay, travel with it, till they find
No tongue to make it more, nor no more people ;
And then behold the fall of your fair princess ! 170

King. Has she a boy ?

Cle. So please your grace, I have seen a boy wait on her,
A fair boy.

King. Go, get you to your quarter :
For this time I will study to forget you.

Meg. Do you study to forget me, and I'll study
To forget you.

[Exeunt King and Megra, severally.]

Cle. Why, here's a male spirit fit for Hercules. If ever
there be Nine Worthies of women, this wench shall
ride astride and be their captain. 179

Dion. Sure, she has a garrison of devils in her tongue,
she uttered such balls of wild-fire : she has so
nettled the King, that all the doctors in the country
will scarce cure him. That boy was a strange-found-
out antidote to cure her infection ; that boy, that
princess' boy ; that brave, chaste, virtuous lady's
boy ; and a fair boy, a well-spoken boy ! All these
considered, can make nothing else—but there I
leave you, gentlemen.

Thra. Nay, we'll go wander with you. *[Exeunt.]*

ACT THE THIRD

SCENE I

The Court of the Palace.

Enter Dion, Cleremont, and Thrasiline.

Cle. Nay, doubtless, 'tis true.

Dion. Ay; and 'tis the gods
That raised this punishment, to scourge the King
With his own issue. Is it not a shame
For us that should write noble in the land,
For us that should be freemen, to behold
A man that is the bravery of his age,
Philaster, pressed down from his royal right
By this regardless King? and only look
And see the sceptre ready to be cast
Into the hands of that lascivious lady 10
That lives in lust with a smooth boy, now to be
married
To yon strange prince, who, but that people please
To let him be a prince, is born a slave
In that which should be his most noble part,
His mind?

Thra. That man that would not stir with you
To aid Philaster, let the gods forget
That such a creature walks upon the earth !

Cle. Philaster is too backward in't himself.
The gentry do await it, and the people,
Against their nature, are all bent for him, 20
And like a field of standing corn, that's moved
With a stiff gale, their heads bow all one way.

Dion. The only cause that draws Philaster back
From this attempt is the fair princess' love,
Which he admires, and we can now confute.

Thra. Perhaps he'll not believe it.

Dion. Why, gentlemen,
'Tis without question so.

Cle. Ay, 'tis past speech,
She lives dishonestly : but how shall we,
If he be curious, work upon his faith ?

Thra. We all are satisfied within ourselves. 30

Dion. Since it is true, and tends to his own good,
I'll make this new report to be my knowledge ;
I'll say I know it ; nay, I'll swear I saw it.

Cle. It will be best.

Thra. 'Twill move him.

Dion. Here he comes.

Enter Philaster.

Good morrow to your honour : we have spent
Some time in seeking you.

Phi. My worthy friends,
You that can keep your memories to know
Your friend in miseries, and cannot frown
On men disgraced for virtue, a good day
Attend you all ! What service may I do 40
Worthy your acceptance ?

Dion. My good lord,
We come to urge that virtue, which we know
Lives in your breast, forth. Rise, and make a
head :
The nobles and the people are all dulled
With this usurping King ; and not a man,
That ever heard the word, or knew such a thing
As virtue, but will second your attempts.

Phi. How honourable is this love in you
To me that have deserved none ! Know, my
friends
(You, that were born to shame your poor Philaster
With too much courtesy), I could afford 51
To melt myself in thanks : but my designs
Are not yet ripe : suffice it, that ere long
I shall employ your loves ; but yet the time
Is short of what I would.

Dion. The time is fuller, sir, than you expect ;
That which hereafter will not, perhaps, be
reached
By violence may now be caught. As for the
King,

You know the people have long hated him ;
But now the princess, whom they loved—— 60

Phi. Why, what of her ?

Dion. Is loathed as much as he.

Phi. By what strange means ?

Dion. She's known a whore.

Phi. Thou liest.

Dion. My lord——

Phi. Thou liest.

[Offers to draw his sword: they hold him.]

And thou shalt feel it ! I had thought thy
mind

Had been of honour. Thus to rob a lady
Of her good name, is an infectious sin
Not to be pardoned : be it false as hell,
'Twill never be redeemed, if it be sown
Amongst the people, fruitful to increase
All evil they shall hear. Let me alone, 70
That I may cut off falsehood whilst it springs !
Set hills on hills betwixt me and the man
That utters this, and I will scale them all,
And from the utmost top fall on his neck,
Like thunder from a cloud.

Dion. This is most strange :
Sure, he does love her.

Phi. I do love fair truth :
She is my mistress, and who injures her
Draws vengeance from me. Sirs, let go my arms.

Thra. Nay, good my lord, be patient.

Cle. Sir, remember this is your honoured friend, 80
That comes to do his service, and will show you
Why he uttered this.

Phi. I ask you pardon, sir ;
My zeal to truth made me unmannerly :
Should I have heard dishonour spoke of you,
Behind your back, untruly, I had been
As much distempered and enraged as now.

Dion. But this, my lord, is truth.

Phi. Oh, say not so !
Good sir, forbear to say so ; 'tis then truth,
That all womankind is false : urge it no more ;
It is impossible. Why should you think 90
The princess light ?

Dion. Why, she was taken at it.

Phi. 'Tis false ! by Heaven, 'tis false ! it cannot
be !

Can it ? Speak, gentlemen ; for love of truth,
speak !

Is't possible ? Can women all be damned ?

Dion. Why, no, my lord.

Phi. Why, then, it cannot be.

Dion. And she was taken with her boy.

Phi. What boy ?

Dion. A page, a boy that serves her.

Phi. Oh, good gods !

A little boy ?

Dion. Ay ; know you him, my lord ?

Phi. Hell and sin know him ! [*Aside.*]*—*Sir, you are deceived ;

I'll reason it a little coldly with you : 100

If she were lustful, would she take a boy,

That knows not yet desire ? she would have one

Should meet her thoughts and know the sin he
acts,

Which is the great delight of wickedness.

You are abused, and so is she, and I.

Dion. How you, my lord ?

Phi. Why, all the world's abused
In an unjust report.

Dion. Oh, noble sir, your virtues
Cannot look into the subtle thoughts of woman !
In short, my lord, I took them ; I myself.

Phi. Now, all the devils, thou didst ! Fly from my
rage ! 110

Would thou hadst ta'en devils engendering plagues,
When thou didst take them ! Hide thee from my
eyes !

Would thou hadst taken thunder on thy breast,
When thou didst take them ; or been stricken
dumb

For ever ; that this foul deed might have slept
In silence !

Thra. Have you known him so ill-tempered ?

Cle. Never before.

Phi. The winds, that are let loose
From the four several corners of the earth,
And spread themselves all over sea and land,
Kiss not a chaste one. What friend bears a sword
To run me through?

Dion. Why, my lord, are you 121
So moved at this?

Phi. When any fall from virtue,
I am distract; I have an interest in't.

Dion. But, good my lord, recall yourself, and think
What's best to be done.

Phi. I thank you; I will do it:
Please you to leave me; I'll consider of it.
To-morrow I will find your lodging forth,
And give you answer.

Dion. All the gods direct you
The readiest way!

Thra. He was extreme impatient.

Cle. It was his virtue and his noble mind. 130

[*Exeunt Dion, Cleremont, and Thrasiline.*]

Phi. I had forgot to ask him where he took them;
I'll follow him. Oh, that I had a sea
Within my breast, to quench the fire I feel!
More circumstances will but fan this fire:
It more afflicts me now, to know by whom
This deed is done, than simply that 'tis done;
And he that tells me this is honourable,
As far from lies as she is far from truth.

Oh that, like beasts, we could not grieve ourselves
 With that we see not ! Bulls and rams will fight
 To keep their females, standing in their sight ; 141
 But take 'em from them, and you take at once
 Their spleens away ; and they will fall again
 Unto their pastures, growing fresh and fat ;
 And taste the water of the springs as sweet
 As 'twas before, finding no start in sleep :
 But miserable man——

Enter Bellario.

See, see, you gods,
 He walks still ; and the face you let him wear
 When he was innocent is still the same,
 Not blasted ! Is this justice ? do you mean 150
 To intrap mortality, that you allow
 Treason so smooth a brow ? I cannot now
 Think he is guilty. [*Aside.*

Bel. Health to you, my lord !
 The princess doth commend her love, her life,
 And this, unto you. [*Gives a letter.*

Phi. Oh Bellario,
 Now I perceive she loves me ! she does show it
 In loving thee, my boy : she has made thee brave.

Bel. My lord, she has attired me past my wish,
 Past my desert ; more fit for her attendant,
 Though far unfit for me who do attend. 160

Phi. Thou art grown courtly, boy.—Oh, let all women,

That love black deeds, learn to dissemble here,
Here, by this paper ! She does write to me
As if her heart were mines of adamant
To all the world besides ; but, unto me,
A maiden-snow that melted with my looks.—

[*Aside.*

Tell me, my boy, how doth the princess use thee?
For I shall guess her love to me by that.

Bel. Scarce like her servant, but as if I were
Something allied to her, or had preserved 170
Her life three times by my fidelity ;
As mothers fond do use their only sons,
As I'd use one that's left unto my trust,
For whom my life should pay if he met harm,
So she does use me.

Phi. Why, this is wondrous well :
But what kind language does she feed thee with?

Bel. Why, she does tell me she will trust my youth
With all her loving secrets, and does call me
Her pretty servant ; bids me weep no more
For leaving you ; she'll see my services 180
Regarded : and such words of that soft strain,
That I am nearer weeping when she ends
Than ere she spake.

Phi. This is much better still.

Bel. Are you not ill, my lord ?

Phi. Ill ? no, Bellario.

Bel. Methinks your words

Fall not from off your tongue so evenly,
Nor is there in your looks that quietness
That I was wont to see.

Phi. Thou art deceived, boy :
And she strokes thy head ?

Bel. Yes.

Phi. And she does clap thy cheeks ?

Bel. She does, my lord.

Phi. And she does kiss, thee boy ? ha !

Bel. How, my lord ?

Phi. She kisses thee ?

Bel. Not so, my lord.

Phi. That 's strange !—I know she does.

Bel. No, by my life.

Phi. Why then she does not love me. Come, she does.
I bade her do it ; I charged her, by all charms 194
Of love between us, by the hope of peace
We should enjoy, to yield thee all delights
Naked as to her bed ; I took her oath
Thou shouldst enjoy her. Tell me, gentle boy
Is she not parallelless ? is not her breath
Sweet as Arabian winds when fruits are ripe ? 200
Are not her breasts two liquid ivory balls ?
Is she not all a lasting mine of joy ?

Bel. Ay, now I see why my disturbèd thoughts
Were so perplexed : when first I went to her,
My heart held augury. You are abused ;
Some villain has abused you : I do see

Whereto you tend. Fall rocks upon his head
That put this to you ! 'tis some subtle train
To bring that noble frame of yours to nought.

Phi. Thou think'st I will be angry with thee. Come,
Thou shalt know all my drift : I hate her more 201
Than I love happiness, and placed thee there
To pry with narrow eyes into her deeds.
Hast thou discovered ? is she fallen to lust,
As I would wish her ? Speak some comfort to
me.

Bel. My lord, you did mistake the boy you sent :
Had she the lust of sparrows or of goats,
Had she a sin that way, hid from the world,
Beyond the name of lust, I would not aid
Her base desires : but what I came to know 220
As servant to her, I would not reveal,
To make my life last ages.

Phi. Oh, my heart !
This is a salve worse than the main disease.
Tell me thy thoughts ; for I will know the least
[*Draws his sword.*
That dwells within thee, or will rip thy heart
To know it : I will see thy thoughts as plain
As I do now thy face.

Bel. Why, so you do.
She is (for aught I know) by all the gods, [*Kneels.*
As chaste as ice ! but were she foul as hell,
And I did know it thus, the breath of kings, 230

The points of swords, tortures, nor bulls of brass,
Should draw it from me.

Phi. Then it is no time
To dally with thee ; I will take thy life,
For I do hate thee : I could curse thee now.

Bel. If you do hate, you could not curse me worse ;
The gods have not a punishment in store
Greater for me than is your hate.

Phi. Fie, fie,
So young and so dissembling ! Tell me when
And where thou didst enjoy her, or let plagues
Fall on me, if I destroy thee not ! 240

Bel. By Heaven I never did ; and when I lie
To save my life, may I live long and loathed !
Hew me asunder, and, whilst I can think,
I'll love those pieces you have cut away
Better than those that grow, and kiss those limbs
Because you made 'em so.

Phi. Fear'st thou not death ?
Can boys condemn that ?

Bel. Oh, what boy is he
Can be content to live to be a man,
That sees the best of men thus passionate,
Thus without reason ?

Phi. Oh, but thou dost not know
What 'tis to die.

Bel. Yes, I do know, my lord : 251
'Tis less than to be born ; a lasting sleep ;

A quiet resting from all jealousy,
A thing we all pursue ; I know, besides,
It is but giving over of a game
That must be lost.

Phi. But there are pains, false boy,
For perjured souls : think but on these, and then
Thy heart will melt, and thou wilt utter all.

Bel. May they fall all upon me whilst I live,
If I be perjured, or have ever thought 260
Of that you charge me with ! If I be false,
Send me to suffer in those punishments
You speak of ; kill me !

Phi. Oh, what should I do ?
Why, who can but believe him ? he does swear
So earnestly, that if it were not true,
The gods would not endure him. [*Sheathes his sword.*
Rise, Bellario : [*Bellarion rises.*

Thy protestations are so deep, and thou
Dost look so truly when thou utter'st them,
That, though I know 'em false as were my hopes,
I cannot urge thee further. But thou wert 270
To blame to injure me, for I must love
Thy honest looks, and take no revenge upon
Thy tender youth : a love from me to thee
Is firm, whate'er thou dost : it troubles me
That I have called the blood out of thy cheeks,
That did so well become thee. But, good boy,
Let me not see thee more : something is done

That will distract me, that will make me mad,
If I behold thee. If thou tender'st me,
Let me not see thee.

Bel. I will fly as far 280

As there is morning, ere I give distaste
To that most honoured mind. But through these
tears,

Shed at my hopeless parting, I can see
A world of treason practised upon you,
And her, and me. Farewell for evermore !
If you shall hear that sorrow struck me dead,
And after find me loyal, let there be
A tear shed from you in my memory,
And I shall rest at peace.

Phi. Blessing be with thee,
Whatever thou deserv'st ! [*Exit Bellario.*—Oh,
where shall I 290

Go bathe this body? Nature too unkind,
That made no medicine for a troubled mind !
[*Exit.*

SCENE II

Arethusa's Apartment in the Palace.

Enter Arethusa.

Are. I marvel my boy comes not back again :
But that I know my love will question him

Over and over,—how I slept, waked, talked,
How I remembered him when his dear name
Was last spoke, and how when I sighed, wept, sung,
And ten thousand such,—I should be angry at his
stay.

Enter King.

King. What, at your meditations ! Who attends you ?

Are. None but my single self : I need no guard ;

I do no wrong, nor fear none.

King. Tell me, have you not a boy ?

Are. Yes, sir.

10

King. What kind of boy ?

Are. A page, a waiting-boy.

King. A handsome boy ?

Are. I think he be not ugly :

Well qualified and dutiful I know him ;

I took him not for beauty.

King. He speaks and sings and plays ?

Are. Yes, sir.

King. About eighteen ?

Are. I never asked his age.

King. Is he full of service ?

Are. By your pardon, why do you ask ?

King. Put him away.

Are. Sir !

King. Put him away, I say.

H'as done you that good service shames me to
speak of.

20

Are. Good sir, let me understand you.

King. If you fear me,
Show it in duty ; put away that boy.

Are. Let me have reason for it, sir, and then
Your will is my command.

King. Do not you blush to ask it? Cast him off,
Or I shall do the same to you. You're one
Shame with me, and so near unto myself,
That, by my life, I dare not tell myself
What you, myself, have done.

Are. What I have done, my lord?

King. 'Tis a new language, that all love to learn : 30
The common people speak it well already ;
They need no grammar. Understand me well ;
There be foul whispers stirring. Cast him off,
And suddenly : do it ! Farewell. [*Exit.*

Are Where may a maiden live securely free,
Keeping her honour fair? Not with the living ;
They feed upon opinions, errors, dreams,
And make 'em truths ; they draw a nourishment
Out of defamings, grow upon disgraces ;
And, when they see a virtue fortified - 40
Strongly above the battery of their tongues,
Oh, how they cast to sink it ! and, defeated
(Soul-sick with poison), strike the monuments
Where noble names lie sleeping, till they sweat,
And the cold marble melt.

Enter Philaster.

Phi. Peace to your fairest thoughts, dearest mistress !

Are. Oh, my dearest servant, I have a war within me !

Phi. He must be more than man that makes these
crystals

Run into rivers. Sweetest fair, the cause ?

And, as I am your slave, tied to your goodness, 50

Your creature, made again from what I was

And newly-spirited, I'll right your honour.

Are. Oh, my best love, that boy !

Phi. What boy ?

Are. The pretty boy you gave me——

Phi. What of him ?

Are. Must be no more mine.

Phi. Why ?

Are. They are jealous of him.

Phi. Jealous ! who ?

Are. The King.

Phi. Oh, my misfortune !

Then 'tis no idle jealousy. [*Aside.*]—Let him go.

Are. Oh, cruel !

Are you hard-hearted too ? who shall now tell you
How much I loved you ? who shall swear it to you,
And weep the tears I send ? who shall now bring
you 61

Letters, rings, bracelets ? lose his health in service ?

Wake tedious nights in stories of your praise ?

Who shall now sing your crying elegies,
And strike a sad soul into senseless pictures,
And make them mourn? who shall take up his lute,
And touch it till he crown a silent sleep
Upon my eyelids, making me dream, and cry,
'Oh, my dear, dear Philaster!'

Phi. Oh, my heart!
Would he had broken thee, that made me know
This lady was not loyal! [*Aside.*—Mistress, 71
Forget the boy; I'll get thee a far better.

Are. Oh, never, never such a boy again
As my Bellario!

Phi. 'Tis but your fond affection.

Are. With thee, my boy, farewell for ever
All secrecy in servants! Farewell faith,
And all desire to do well for itself!
Let all that shall succeed thee for thy wrongs
Sell and betray chaste love!

Phi. And all this passion for a boy?

Are. He was your boy, and you put him to me,
And the loss of such must have a mourning for. 80

Phi. Oh, thou forgetful woman!

Are. How, my lord?

Phi. False Arethusa!

Hast thou a medicine to restore my wits,
When I have lost 'em? If not, leave to talk,
And do thus.

Are. Do what, sir? would you sleep?

Phi. For ever, Arethusa. Oh, you gods,
Give me a worthy patience ! Have I stood
Naked, alone, the shock of many fortunes ?
Have I seen mischiefs numberless and mighty
Grow like a sea upon me ? Have I taken 90
Danger as stern as death into my bosom,
And laughed upon it, made it but a mirth,
And flung it by ? Do I live now like him,
Under this tyrant King, that languishing
Hears his sad bell and sees his mourners ? Do I
Bear all this bravely, and must sink at length
Under a woman's falsehood ? Oh, that boy,
That cursèd boy ! None but a villain boy
To ease your lust ?

Are. Nay, then, I am betrayed :
I feel the plot cast for my overthrow. 100
Oh, I am wretched !

Phi. Now you may take that little right I have
To this poor kingdom : give it to your joy ;
For I have no joy in it. Some far place,
Where never womankind durst set her foot
For bursting with her poisons, must I seek,
And live to curse you :
There dig a cave, and preach to birds and beasts
What woman is, and help to save them from you ;
How heaven is in your eyes, but in your hearts 110
More hell than hell has ; how your tongues, like
scorpions,

Both heal and poison ; how your thoughts are
woven

With thousand changes in one subtle web,
And worn so by you ; how that foolish man,
That reads the story of a woman's face
And dies believing it, is lost for ever ;
How all the good you have is but a shadow,
I' the morning with you, and at night behind you
Past and forgotten ; how your vows are frosts,
Fast for a night, and with the next sun gone ; 120
How you are, being taken all together,
A mere confusion, and so dead a chaos,
That love cannot distinguish. These sad texts,
Till my last hour, I am bound to utter of you.
So, farewell all my woe, all my delight ! [Exit.

Are. Be merciful, ye gods, and strike me dead !

What way have I deserved this ? Make my breast
Transparent as pure crystal, that the world,
Jealous of me, may see the foulest thought
My heart holds. Where shall a woman turn her
eyes, 130

To find out constancy ?

Enter Bellario.

Save me, how black
And guiltily, methinks, that boy looks now !
Oh, thou dissembler, that, before thou spak'st
Wert in thy cradle false, sent to make lies

And betray innocents ! Thy lord and thou
May glory in the ashes of a maid
Fooled by her passion ; but the conquest is
Nothing so great as wicked. Fly away !
Let my command force thee to that which shame
Would do without it. If thou understood'st 140
The loathèd office thou hast undergone,
Why, thou wouldst hide thee under heaps of hills,
Lest men should dig and find thee.

Bel.

Oh, what God,
Angry with men, hath sent this strange disease
Into the noblest minds ! Madam, this grief
You add unto me is no more than drops
To seas, for which they are not seen to swell ;
My lord hath struck his anger through my heart,
And let out all the hope of future joys.
You need not bid me fly ; I came to part, 150
To take my latest leave. Farewell for ever !
I durst not run away in honesty
From such a lady, like a boy that stole
Or made some grievous fault. The power of gods
Assist you in your sufferings ! Hasty time
Reveal the truth to your abusèd lord
And mine, that he may know your worth ; whilst I
Go seek out some forgotten place to die !

[Exit Bellario.]

Are. Peace guide thee ! Thou hast overthrown me
once ;

Yet, if I had another Troy to lose, 160.
Thou, or another villain with thy looks,
Might talk me out of it, and send me naked,
My hair dishevelled, through the fiery streets.

Enter a Lady.

Lady. Madam, the King would hunt, and calls for you
With earnestness.

Are. I am in tune to hunt !
Diana, if thou canst rage with a maid
As with a man, let me discover thee
Bathing, and turn me to a fearful hind,
That I may die pursued by cruel hounds,
And have my story written in my wounds ! 170
[*Exeunt.*

ACT THE FOURTH

SCENE I

Before the Palace.

Enter King, Pharamond, Arethusa, Galatea, Megra, Dion, Cleremont, Thrasiline, and Attendants.

King. What, are the hounds before and all the wood-men,

Our horses ready and our bows bent ?

Dion.

All, sir.

King. You are cloudy, sir : come, we have forgotten

[*To Pharamond.*

Your venial trespass ; let not that sit heavy

Upon your spirit ; here's none dare utter it.

Dion. He looks like an old surfeited stallion after his leaping, dull as a dormouse. See how he sinks ! The wench has shot him between wind and water, and, I hope, sprung a leak. 9

Thra. He needs no teaching, he strikes sure enough : his greatest fault is, he hunts too much in the purlieu ; would he would leave off poaching !

Dion. And for his horn, h'as left it at the lodge where

he lay late. Oh, he's a precious limehound ! turn him loose upon the pursuit of a lady, and if he lose her, hang him up i' the slip. When my fox-bitch Beauty grows proud, I'll borrow him. 17

King. Is your boy turned away ?

Are. You did command, sir,

And I obeyed you.

King. 'Tis well done. Hark ye further.

[*They talk apart.*]

Cle. Is't possible this fellow should repent ? methinks, that were not noble in him ; and yet he looks like a mortified member, as if he had a sick man's salve in's mouth. If a worse man had done this fault now, some physical justice or other would presently (without the help of an almanack) have opened the obstructions of his liver, and let him blood with a dog-whip. 27

Dion. See, see how modestly yon lady looks, as if she came from churching with her neighbour ! Why, what a devil can a man see in her face but that she's honest !

Thra. Faith, no great matter to speak of ; a foolish twinkling with the eye, that spoils her coat ; but he must be a cunning herald that finds it.

Dion. See how they muster one another ! Oh, there's a rank regiment where the devil carries the colours and his dam drum-major ! now the world and the flesh come behind with the carriage. 38

Cle. Sure this lady has a good turn done her against her will ; before she was common talk, now none dare say cantharides can stir her. Her face looks like a warrant, willing and commanding all tongues, as they will answer it, to be tied up and bolted when this lady means to let herself loose. As I live, she has got her a goodly protection and a gracious ; and may use her body discreetly for her health's sake, once a week, excepting Lent and dog-days. Oh, if they were to be got for money, what a large sum would come out of the city for these licences ! 49

King. To horse, to horse ! we lose the morning, gentlemen. [Exeunt.

SCENE II

A Forest.

Enter two Woodmen.

First Wood. What, have you lodged the deer ?

Second Wood. Yes, they are ready for the bow.

First Wood. Who shoots ?

Second Wood. The princess.

First Wood. No, she'll hunt.

Second Wood. She'll take a stand, I say.

First Wood. Who else ?

Second Wood. Why, the young stranger-prince.

First Wood. He shall shoot in a stone-bow for me. I never loved his beyond-sea-ship since he forsook the say, for paying ten shillings. He was there at the fall of a deer, and would needs (out of his mightiness) give ten groats for the dowcets; marry, his steward would have the velvet-head into the bargain, to turf his hat withal. I think he should love venery; he is an old Sir Tristrem; for, if you be remembered, he forsook the stag once to strike a rascal milking in a meadow, and her he killed in the eye. Who shoots else?

Second Wood. The Lady Galatea. 20

First Wood. That's a good wench, an she would not chide us for tumbling of her women in the brakes. She's liberal, and, by the gods, they say she's honest; and whether that be a fault, I have nothing to do. There's all?

Second Wood. No, one more; Megra. 26

First Wood. That's a firker i' faith, boy; there's a wench will ride her haunches as hard after a kennel of hounds as a hunting-saddle, and when she comes home, get 'em clapt, and all is well again. I have known her lose herself three times in one afternoon (if the woods have been answerable), and it has been work enough for one man to find her, and he has sweat for it. She rides well and she pays well. Hark! let's go. [Exeunt.]

Enter Philaster.

Phi. Oh that I had been nourished in these woods
With milk of goats and acorns, and not known
The right of crowns nor the dissembling trains
Of women's looks ; but digged myself a cave
Where I, my fire, my cattle, and my bed, 40
Might have been shut together in one shed ;
And then had taken me some mountain-girl,
Beaten with winds, chaste as the hardened rocks
Whereon she dwelt, that might have strewed my bed
With leaves and reeds, and with the skins of beasts,
Our neighbours, and have borne at her big breasts
My large coarse issue ! This had been a life
Free from vexation.

Enter Bellario.

Bel. Oh, wicked men !
An innocent may walk safe among beasts ;
Nothing assaults me here. See, my grieved lord
Sits as his soul were searching out a way 51
To leave his body ! [*Aside.*—Pardon me, that must
Break thy last commandment ; for I must speak :
You that are grieved can pity ; hear, my lord !

Phi. Is there a creature yet so miserable,
That I can pity ?

Bel. Oh, my noble lord,
View my strange fortune, and bestow on me,

According to your bounty (if my service
Can merit nothing), so much as may serve
To keep that little piece I hold of life 60
From cold and hunger !

Phi. Is it thou? be gone !
Go, sell those misbeseeming clothes thou wear'st,
And feed thyself with them.

Bel. Alas, my lord, I can get nothing for them !
The silly country-people think 'tis treason
To touch such gay things.

Phi. Now, by the gods, this is
Unkindly done, to vex me with thy sight.
Thou'rt fallen again to thy dissembling trade :
How shouldst thou think to cozen me again?
Remains there yet a plague untried for me? 70
Even so thou wept'st, and looked'st, and spok'st
when first

I took thee up :
Curse on the time ! If thy commanding tears
Can work on any other, use thy art ;
I'll not betray it. Which way wilt thou take?
That I may shun thee, for thine eyes are poison
To mine, and I am loath to grow in rage :
This way, or that way ?

Bel. Any will serve ; but I will choose to have
That path in chase that leads unto my grave. 80
[Exeunt severally.]

Enter on one side Dion, and on the other the two Woodmen.

Dion. This is the strangest sudden chance ! You,
woodman !

First Wood. My Lord Dion ?

Dion. Saw you a lady come this way on a sable horse
studded with stars of white ?

Second Wood. Was she not young and tall ?

Dion. Yes. Rode she to the wood or to the plain ?

Second Wood. Faith my lord, we saw none.

[Exeunt Woodmen.]

Dion. Pox of your questions then !

Enter Cleremont.

What, is she found ?

Cle. Nor will be, I think. 90

Dion. Let him seek his daughter himself. She cannot
stray about a little necessary natural business, but
the whole court must be in arms : when she has
done, we shall have peace.

Cle. There's already a thousand fatherless tales amongst
us. Some say, her horse ran away with her ;
some, a wolf pursued her ; others, it was a plot to
kill her, and that armed men were seen in the wood ;
but questionless she rode away willingly. 99

Enter King, Thrasiline, and Attendants.

King. Where is she?

Cle. Sir, I cannot tell.

King. How's that?

Answer me so again!

Cle. Sir, shall I lie?

King. Yes, lie and damn, rather than tell me that.

I say again, where is she? Mutter not!—

Sir, speak you; where is she?

Dion. Sir, I do not know.

King. Speak that again so boldly, and, by Heaven,

It is thy last!—You, fellows, answer me;

Where is she? Mark me, all; I am your King:

I wish to see my daughter; show her me;

I do command you all, as you are subjects,

To show her me! What! am I not your King?

If ay, then am I not to be obeyed? III

Dion. Yes, if you command things possible and honest.

King. Things possible and honest! Hear me, thou,

Thou traitor, that dar'st confine thy King to things

Possible and honest! show her me,

Or, let me perish, if I cover not

All Sicily with blood!

Dion. Faith I cannot,

Unless you tell me where she is.

King. You have betrayed me; you have let me lose

The jewel of my life. Go, bring her to me, 120
And set her here before me : 'tis the King
Will have it so ; whose breath can still the winds,
Uncloud the sun, charm down the swelling sea,
And stop the floods of heaven. Speak, can it not ?

Dion. No.

King. No ! cannot the breath of kings do this ?

Dion. No ; nor smell sweet itself, if once the lungs
Be but corrupted.

King. Is it so ? Take heed !

Dion. Sir, take you heed how you dare the powers
That must be just.

King. Alas ! what are we kings ! 130

Why do you gods place us above the rest,
To be served, flattered, and adored, till we
Believe we hold within our hands your thunder,
And when we come to try the power we have,
There's not a leaf shakes at our threatenings ?
I have sinned, 'tis true, and here stand to be
punished ;

Yet would not thus be punished ; let me choose
My way, and lay it on ! 138

Dion. He articles with the gods. Would somebody
would draw bonds for the performance of covenants
betwixt them ! [*Aside.*]

Enter Pharamond, Galatea, and Megra.

King. What, is she found ?

Pha. No ; we have ta'en her horse ; 142
 He galloped empty by. There is some treason.
 You, Galatea, rode with her into the wood ;
 Why left you her ?

Gal. She did command me.

King. Command ! you should not.

Gal. 'Twould ill become my fortunes and my birth
 To disobey the daughter of my King.

King. You're all cunning to obey us for our hurt ;
 But I will have her.

Pha. If I have her not, 150
 By this hand, there shall be no more Sicily.

Dion. What, will he carry it to Spain in's pocket ?
 [*Aside.*

Pha. I will not leave one man alive, but the King,
 A cook, and a tailor.

Dion. Yet you may do well to spare your lady-bed-
 fellow ; and her you may keep for a spawner.
 [*Aside.*

King. I see
 The injuries I have done must be revenged. [*Aside.*

Dion. Sir, this is not the way to find her out.

King. Run all, disperse yourselves. The man that finds
 her, 160
 Or (if she be killed), the traitor, I'll make him
 great.

Dion. I know some would give five thousand pounds to
 find her. [*Aside.*

Pha. Come, let us seek.

King. Each man a several way ;

Here I myself.

Dion. Come, gentlemen, we here.

Cle. Lady, you must go search too.

Meg. I had rather be searched myself.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE III

Another part of the Forest.

Enter Arethusa.

Are. Where am I now? Feet, find me out a way,
Without the counsel of my troubled head :
I'll follow you boldly about these woods,
O'er mountains, thorough brambles, pits, and floods.
Heaven, I hope, will ease me : I am sick.

[*Sits down.*]

Enter Bellario.

Bel. Yonder's my lady. God knows I want
Nothing, because I do not wish to live ;
Yet I will try her charity. [*Aside.*—Oh hear,
You that have plenty ! from that flowing store
Drop some on dry ground.—See, the lively red

10

Is gone to guard her heart ! I fear she faints.—
Madam ? look up !—She breathes not.—Open once
more

Those rosy twins, and send unto my lord
Your latest farewell !—Oh, she stirs.—How is it,
Madam ? speak comfort.

Are. 'Tis not gently done,
To put me in a miserable life,
And hold me there : I prithee, let me go ;
I shall do best without thee ; I am well.

Enter Philaster.

Phi. I am to blame to be so much in rage :
I'll tell her coolly when and where I heard 20
This killing truth. I will be temperate
In speaking, and as just in hearing.—
Oh, monstrous ! Tempt me not, ye gods ! good
gods,
Tempt not a frail man ! What's he, that has a
heart,
But he must ease it here !

Bel. My lord, help, help !
The princess !

Are. I am well : forbear.

Phi. Let me love lightning, let me be embraced
And kissed by scorpions, or adore the eyes
Of basilisks, rather than trust the tongues 29

Of hell-bred women ! Some good god look down,
 And shrink these veins up ; stick me here a stone,
 Lasting to ages in the memory
 Of this damned act !

Hear me, you wicked ones ! [*Aside.*
 You have put hills of fire into this breast,
 Not to be quenched with tears ; for which may
 guilt

Sit on your bosoms ! at your meals and beds
 Despair await you ! What, before my face ?
 Poison of asps between your lips ! diseases
 Be your best issues ! Nature make a curse,
 And throw it on you !

Are. Dear Philaster, leave 40
 To be enraged, and hear me.

Phi. I have done ;
 Forgive my passion. Not the calmèd sea,
 When Æolus locks up his windy brood,
 Is less disturbed than I : I 'll make you know it.
 Dear Arethusa, do but take this sword,
 [*Offers his drawn sword.*

And search how temperate a heart I have ;
 Then you and this your boy may live and reign
 In lust without control. Wilt thou, Bellario ?
 I prithee kill me ; thou art poor, and may'st
 Nourish ambitious thoughts ; when I am dead, 50
 Thy way were freer. Am I raging now ?
 If I were mad, I should desire to live.

Sir, feel my pulse, whether have you known
A man in a more equal tune to die.

Bel. Alas, my lord, your pulse keeps madman's time !
So does your tongue.

Phi. You will not kill me, then ?

Are. Kill you !

Bel. Not for the world.

Phi. I blame not thee,
Bellario : thou hast done but that which gods
Would have transformed themselves to do. Be gone,
Leave me without reply ; this is the last 60
Of all our meeting—[*Exit Bellario.*] Kill me with
this sword ;

Be wise, or worse will follow : we are two
Earth cannot bear at once. Resolve to do,
Or suffer.

Are. If my fortune be so good to let me fall
Upon thy hand, I shall have peace in death.
Yet tell me this, there will be no slanders,
No jealousy in the other world ; no ill there ?

Phi. No.

Are. Show me, then, the way.

Phi. Then guide my feeble hand,
You that have power to do it, for I must 70
Perform a piece of justice !—If your youth
Have any way offended Heaven, let prayers
Short and effectual reconcile you to it.

Are. I am prepared.

Enter a Country Fellow.

C. Fell. I'll see the King, if he be in the forest ; I have hunted him these two hours ; if I should come home and not see him, my sisters would laugh at me. I can see nothing but people better horsed than myself, that out-ride me ; I can hear nothing but shouting. These kings had need of good brains ; this whooping is able to put a mean man out of his wits. There's a courtier with his sword drawn ; by this hand, upon a woman, I think ! 83

Phi. Are you at peace ?

Are. With heaven and earth.

Phi. May they divide thy soul and body ! [*Wounds her.*

C. Fell. Hold, dastard ! strike a woman ! Thou'rt a craven, I warrant thee : thou wouldst be loth to play half a dozen venies at wasters with a good fellow for a broken head. 90

Phi. Leave us, good friend.

Are. What ill-bred man art thou, to intrude thyself
Upon our private sports, our recreations ?

C. Fell. God 'uds me, I understand you not ; but I know the rogue has hurt you.

Phi. Pursue thy own affairs : it will be ill
To multiply blood upon my head, which thou
Wilt force me to.

C. Fell. I know not your rhetoric ; but I can lay it on,
if you touch the woman. 100

Phi. Slave, take what thou deservest ! [*They fight.*

Are. Heavens guard my lord !

C. Fell. Oh, do you breathe?

Phi. I hear the tread of people. I am hurt :

The gods take part against me : could this boor
Have held me thus else? I must shift for life,
Though I do loathe it. I would find a course
To lose it rather by my will than force.

[*Aside and exit.*]

C. Fell. I cannot follow the rogue. I pray thee, wench,
come and kiss me now.

*Enter Pharamond, Dion, Cleremont, Thrasiline,
and Woodmen.*

Pha. What art thou? 110

C. Fell. Almost killed I am for a foolish woman ; a
knave has hurt her.

Pha. The princess, gentlemen!—Where's the wound,
madam? Is it dangerous?

Are. He has not hurt me.

C. Fell. By God, she lies ; h'as hurt her in the breast ;
look else.

Pha. O, sacred spring of innocent blood !

Dion. 'Tis above wonder ! who should dare this?

Are. I felt it not. 120

Pha. Speak, villain, who has hurt the princess?

C. Fell. Is it the princess?

Dion. Ay.

C. Fell. Then I have seen something yet.

Pha. But who has hurt her?

C. Fell. I told you, a rogue ; I ne'er saw him before, I—

Pha. Madam, who did it?

Are. Some dishonest wretch ;

Alas, I know him not, and do forgive him !

C. Fell. He's hurt too ; he cannot go far ; I made my
father's old fox fly about his ears. 130

Pha. How will you have me kill him?

Are. Not at all ;

'Tis some distracted fellow.

Pha. By this hand,

I'll leave ne'er a piece of him bigger than a nut,
And bring him all to you in my hat.

Are. Nay, good sir,

If you do take him, bring him quick to me,
And I will study for a punishment
Great as his fault.

Pha. I will.

Are. But swear.

Pha. By all my love, I will.—

Woodmen, conduct the princess to the King,
And bear that wounded fellow to dressing.— 140
Come, gentlemen, we'll follow the chase close.

[*Exeunt on one side Pharamond, Dion, Cleremont,
and Thrasiline ; exit on the other Arethusa,
attended by the First Woodman.*]

C. Fell. I pray you, friend, let me see the King.

Second Wood. That you shall, and receive thanks.

C. Fell. If I get clear of this, I'll go to see no more gay
sights. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV

Another part of the Forest.

Enter Bellario.

Bel. A heaviness near death sits on my brow,
And I must sleep. Bear me, thou gentle bank,
For ever, if thou wilt. You sweet ones all,
[*Lies down.*]

Let me unworthy press you ; I could wish
I rather were a corse strewed o'er with you
Than quick above you. Dulness shuts mine eyes,
And I am giddy : oh that I could take
So sound a sleep that I might never wake ! [*Sleeps.*]

Enter Philaster.

Phi. I have done ill ; my conscience calls me false,
To strike at her that would not strike at me. 10
When I did fight, methought I heard her pray
The gods to guard me. She may be abused,
And I a loathèd villain : if she be,
She will conceal who hurt her. He has wounds

And cannot follow ; neither knows he——
Who's this ? Bellario sleeping ! If thou be'st
Guilty, there is no justice that thy sleep
Should be so sound, and mine, whom thou hast
 wronged, *[Cry within.*
So broken. Hark ! I am pursued. You gods,
I'll take this offered means of my escape : 20
They have no mark to know me but my wounds,
If she be true ; if false, let mischief light
On all the world at once ! Sword, print my wounds
Upon this sleeping boy ! I have none, I think,
Are mortal, nor would I lay greater on thee.

[*Wounds Bellario.*

Bel. Oh, death, I hope, is come ! Blest be that hand !
It meant me well. Again, for pity's sake !

Phi. I have caught myself; [Falls.
The loss of blood hath stayed my flight. Here,
here,

Is he that struck thee : take thy full revenge ; 30
Use me, as I did mean thee, worse than death ;
I'll teach thee to revenge. This luckless hand
Wounded the princess ; tell my followers
Thou didst receive these hurts in staying me,
And I will second thee ; get a reward.

Bel. Fly, fly, my lord, and save yourself!

Phi. How's this?

Wouldst thou I should be safe?

Bel. Else were it vain

For me to live. These little wounds I have
Have not bled much : reach me that noble hand ;
I'll help to cover you.

Phi. Art thou true to me? 40

Bel. Or let me perish loathed ! Come, my good lord,
Creep in amongst those bushes : who does know
But that the gods may save your much-loved
breath ?

Phi. Then I shall die for grief, if not for this,
That I have wounded thee. What wilt thou do ?

Bel. Shift for myself well. Peace ! I hear 'em come.
[*Philaster creeps into a bush.*

[*Voices within.*] Follow, follow, follow ! that way
they went.

Bel. With my own wounds I'll bloody my own sword.
I need not counterfeit to fall ; Heaven knows 49
That I can stand no longer. [*Falls.*

*Enter Pharamond, Dion, Cleremont,
and Thrasiline.*

Pha. To this place we have tracked him by his blood.

Cle. Yonder, my lord, creeps one away.

Dion. Stay, sir ! what are you ?

Bel. A wretched creature, wounded in these woods
By beasts : relieve me, if your names be men,
Or I shall perish.

Dion. This is he, my lord,

Upon my soul, that hurt her : 'tis the boy,
That wicked boy, that served her.

Pha. Oh, thou damned
In thy creation ! what cause couldst thou shape
To hurt the princess ?

Bel. Then I'm betrayed. 60

Dion. Betrayed ! no, apprehended.

Bel. I confess
(Urge it no more) that, big with evil thoughts,
I set upon her, and did make my aim,
Her death. For charity let fall at once
The punishment you mean, and do not load
This weary flesh with tortures.

Pha. I will know
Who hired thee to this deed.

Bel. Mine own revenge.

Pha. Revenge ! for what ?

Bel. It pleased her to receive
Me as her page, and, when my fortunes ebb'd,
That men strid o'er them careless, she did shower
Her welcome graces on me, and did swell 71
My fortunes till they overflowed their banks,
Threatening the men that crossed 'em ; when, as
swift
As storms arise at sea, she turned her eyes
To burning suns upon me, and did dry
The streams she had bestowed, leaving me worse
And more contemned than other little brooks,

Because I had been great. In short, I knew
I could not live, and therefore did desire
To die revenged.

Pha. If tortures can be found 80
Long as thy natural life, resolve to feel
The utmost rigour.

Cle. Help to lead him hence.
[*Philaster creeps out of the bush.*]

Phi. Turn back, you ravishers of innocence!
Know ye the price of that you bear away
So rudely?

Pha. Who's that?

Dion. 'Tis the Lord Philaster.

Phi. 'Tis not the treasure of all kings in one,
The wealth of Tagus, nor the rocks of pearl
That pave the court of Neptune, can weigh down
That virtue. It was I that hurt the princess.
Place me, some god, upon a pyramis 90
Higher than hills of earth, and lend a voice
Loud as your thunder to me, that from thence
I may discourse to all the under-world
The worth that dwells in him!

Pha. How's this?

Bel. My lord, some man
Weary of life, that would be glad to die.

Phi. Leave these untimely courtesies, Bellario.

Bel. Alas, he's mad! Come, will you lead me on?

Phi. By all the oaths that men ought most to keep,

And gods do punish most when men do break,
He touched her not.—Take heed, Bellario, 100
How thou dost drown the virtues thou hast shown
With perjury.—By all the gods, 'twas I !
You know she stood betwixt me and my right.

Pha. Thy own tongue be thy judge !

Cle.

It was Philaster.

Dion. Is't not a brave boy ?

Well, sirs, I fear me we were all deceived.

Phi. Have I no friend here ?

Dion.

Yes.

Phi.

Then show it : some

Good body lend a hand to draw us nearer.

Would you have tears shed for you when you die ?

Then lay me gently on his neck, that there 110

I may weep floods and breathe forth my spirit.

'Tis not the wealth of Plutus, nor the gold

[*Embraces Bellario.*

Locked in the heart of earth, can buy away

This arm-full from me : this had been a ransom

To have redeemed the great Augustus Cæsar,

Had he been taken. You hard-hearted men,

More stony than these mountains, can you see

Such clear pure blood drop, and not cut your flesh

To stop his life ; to bind whose bitter wounds, 119

Queens ought to tear their hair, and with their tears

Bathe 'em.—Forgive me, thou that art the wealth

Of poor Philaster !

Enter King, Arethusa, and Guard.

King. Is the villain ta'en?

Pha. Sir, here be two confess the deed ; but say
It was Philaster.

Phi. Question it no more ;
It was.

King. The fellow that did fight with him,
Will tell us that.

Are. Ay me ! I know he will.

King. Did not you know him?

Are. Sir, if it was he,
He was disguised.

Phi. I was so. Oh, my stars,
That I should live still. [*Aside.*

King. Thou ambitious fool,
Thou that hast laid a train for thy own life !— 130
Now I do mean to do, I'll leave to talk.
Bear them to prison.

Are. Sir, they did plot together to take hence
This harmless life ; should it pass unrevenged,
I should to earth go weeping : grant me, then,
By all the love a father bears his child,
Their custodies, and that I may appoint
Their tortures and their deaths.

Dion. Death ! Soft ; our law will not reach that for
this fault.

King. 'Tis granted ; take 'em to you with a guard.—140

Come, princely Pharamond, this business past,

We may with more security go on

To your intended match.

[Exeunt all except Dion, Cleremont, and Thrasiline.]

Cle. I pray that this action lose not Philaster the hearts
of the people.

Dion. Fear it not ; their over-wise heads will think it
but a trick. *[Exeunt.]*

ACT THE FIFTH

SCENE I

Before the Palace.

Enter Dion, Cleremont, and Thrasiline.

Thra. Has the King sent for him to death?

Dion. Yes ; but the King must know 'tis not in his power to war with Heaven.

Cle. We linger time ; the King sent for Philaster and the headsman an hour ago.

Thra. Are all his wounds well?

Dion. All ; they were but scratches ; but the loss of blood made him faint.

Cle. We dally, gentlemen.

Thra. Away !

Dion. We'll scuffle hard before he perish. 10 *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II

A Prison.

Enter Philaster, Arethusa, and Bellario.

Are. Nay, faith, Philaster, grieve not ; we are well.

Bel. Nay, good my lord, forbear ; we are wondrous well.

Phi. Oh, Arethusa, oh, Bellario,
Leave to be kind !
I shall be shot from Heaven, as now from earth,
If you continue so. I am a man
False to a pair of the most trusty ones
That ever earth bore : can it bear us all ?
Forgive, and leave me. But the King hath sent
To call me to my death : oh, show it me, 10
And then forget me ! and for thee, my boy,
I shall deliver words will mollify
The hearts of beasts to spare thy innocence.

Bel. Alas, my lord, my life is not a thing
Worthy your noble thoughts ! 'tis not a life,
'Tis but a piece of childhood thrown away.
Should I outlive you, I should then outlive
Virtue and honour ; and when that day comes,
If ever I shall close these eyes but once,
May I live spotted for my perjury, 20
And waste by limbs to nothing !

Are. And I (the woful'st maid that ever was,
Forced with my hands to bring my lord to death)
Do by the honour of a virgin swear
To tell no hours beyond it !

Phi. Make me not hated so.

Are. Come from this prison all joyful to our deaths !

Phi. People will tear me, when they find you true
To such a wretch as I ; I shall die loathed.
Enjoy your kingdoms peaceably, whilst I

For ever sleep forgotten with my faults : 30

Every just servant, every maid in love,

Will have a piece of me, if you be true.

Are. My dear lord, say not so.

Bel. A piece of you!

He was not born of woman that can cut

It and look on.

Phi. Take me in tears betwixt you, for my heart

Will break with shame and sorrow.

Are. Why, 'tis well.

Bel. Lament no more.

Phi. Why, what would you have done

If you had wronged me basely, and had found 39

Your life no price compared to mine? for love, sirs,

Deal with me truly.

Bel. Twas mistaken, sir.

Phi. Why, if it were?

Bel. Then, sir, we would have asked

Your pardon.

Phi. And have hope to enjoy it?

Are. Enjoy it! ay.

Phi. Would you indeed? be plain.

Bel. We would, my lord.

Phi. Forgive me, then.

Are. So, so.

Bel. 'Tis as it should be now.

Phi. Lead to my death. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III

A State-room in the Palace.

Enter King, Dion, Cleremont, Thrasiline, and Attendants.

King. Gentlemen, who saw the prince?

Cle. So please you, sir, he's gone to see the city
And the new platform, with some gentlemen
Attending on him.

King. Is the princess ready
To bring her prisoner out?

Thra. She waits your grace.

King. Tell her we stay. *[Exit Thrasiline.]*

Dion. King, you may be deceived yet :

The head you aim at cost more setting on
Than to be lost so lightly. If it must off,
Like a wild overflow, that swoops before him
A golden stack, and with it shakes down bridges, **10**
Cracks the strong hearts of pines, whose cable-roots
Held out a thousand storms, a thousand thunders,
And, so made mightier, takes whole villages
Upon his back, and in that heat of pride
Charges strong towns, towers, castles, palaces,
And lays them desolate ; so shall thy head,
Thy noble head, bury the lives of thousands,
That must bleed with thee like a sacrifice,
In thy red ruins.

[Aside.]

Enter Arethusa, Philaster, Bellario in a robe and garland, and Thrasiline.

King. How now? what masque is this?

Bel. Right royal sir, I should 20

Sing you an epithalamium of these lovers,
But having lost my best airs with my fortunes,
And wanting a celestial harp to strike
This blessèd union on, thus in glad story
I give you all. These two fair cedar-branches
The noblest of the mountain where they grew,
Straightest and tallest, under whose still shades
The worthier beasts have made their lairs, and slept
Free from the fervour of the Sirian star
And the fell thunder-stroke, free from the clouds, 30
When they were big with humour, and delivered,
In thousand spouts their issues to the earth;
Oh, there was none but silent there!
Till never-pleasèd Fortune shot up shrubs,
Base under-brambles, to divorce these branches;
And for a while they did so, and did reign
Over the mountain, and choke up his beauty
With brakes, rude thorns and thistles, till the sun
Scorched them even to the roots and dried them
there:

And now a gentle gale hath blown again, 40
That made these branches meet and twine together,

Never to be divided. The god that sings
His holy numbers over marriage-beds
Hath knit their noble hearts ; and here they stand
Your children, mighty King : and I have done.

King. How, how ?

Are. Sir, if you love it in plain truth
(For now there is no masquing in't), this gentleman,
The prisoner that you gave me, is become
My keeper, and through all the bitter throes
Your jealousies and his ill fate have wrought him,
Thus nobly hath he struggled, and at length 51
Arrived here my dear husband.

King. Your dear husband !—
Call in the Captain of the Citadel.—
There you shall keep your wedding. I'll provide
A masque shall make your Hymen turn his saffron
Into a sullen coat, and sing sad requiems
To your departing souls ;
Blood shall put out your torches ; and, instead
Of gaudy flowers about your wanton necks,
An axe shall hang like a prodigious meteor, 60
Ready to crop your loves' sweets. Hear, you gods !
From this time do I shake all tittle off
Of father to this woman, this base woman ;
And what there is of vengeance in a lion
Chafed among dogs or robbed of his dear young,
The same, enforced more terrible, more mighty,
Expect from me !

Are. Sir, by that little life I have left to swear by,
There's nothing that can stir me from myself.
What I have done, I have done without repentance,
For death can be no bugbear unto me, 71
So long as Pharamond is not my headsman.

Dion. Sweet peace upon thy soul, thou worthy maid,
Whene'er thou diest! For this time I'll excuse
thee,
Or be thy prologue. [Aside.

Phi. Sir, let me speak next ;
And let my dying words be better with you
Than my dull living actions. If you aim
At the dear life of this sweet innocent,
You are a tyrant and a savage monster,
That feeds upon the blood you gave a life to ; 80
Your memory shall be as foul behind you,
As you are living ; all your better deeds
Shall be in water writ, but this in marble ;
No chronicle shall speak you, though your own,
But for the shame of men. No monument,
Though high and big as Pelion, shall be able
To cover this base murder : make it rich
With brass, with purest gold and shining jasper,
Like the Pyramids ; lay on epitaphs
Such as make great men gods ; my little marble, 90
That only clothes my ashes, not my faults,
Shall far outshine it. And for after-issues,
Think not so madly of the heavenly wisdoms,

That they will give you more for your mad rage
To cut off, unless it be some snake, or something
Like yourself, that in his birth shall strangle you.
Remember my father, King ! there was a fault,
But I forgive it : let that sin persuade you
To love this lady ; if you have a soul,
Think, save her, and be savèd. For myself, 100
I have so long expected this glad hour,
So languished under you, and daily withered,
That, by the gods, it is a joy to die ;
I find a recreation in 't.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. Where is the King?

King. Here.

Gent. Get you to your strength,
And rescue the Prince Pharamond from danger ;
He's taken prisoner by the citizens,
Fearing the Lord Philaster.

Dion. Oh, brave followers !
Mutiny, my fine dear countrymen, mutiny ! 109
Now, my brave valiant foremen, shew your weapons
In honour of your mistresses ! [*Aside.*]

Enter a Second Gentleman.

Second Gent. Arm, arm, arm !

King. A thousand devils take 'em !

Dion. A thousand blessings on 'em ! *[Aside.*

Second Gent. Arm, O King ! The city is in mutiny,
Led by an old grey ruffian, who comes on
In rescue of the Lord Philaster.

King. Away to the citadel ! I'll see them safe,
And then cope with these burghers. Let the
guard

And all the gentlemen give strong attendance.

*[Exeunt all except Dion, Cleremont,
and Thrasiline.]*

Cle. The city up ! this was above our wishes. 120

Dion. Ay, and the marriage too. By my life,
This noble lady has deceived us all.
A plague upon myself, a thousand plagues,
For having such unworthy thoughts of her dear
honour !

Oh, I could beat myself ! or do you beat me,
And I'll beat you ; for we had all one thought.

Cle. No, no, 'twill but lose time.

Dion. You say true. Are your swords sharp?—Well,
my dear countrymen What-ye-lacks, if you continue,
and fall not back upon the first broken shin, I'll
have you chronicled and chronicled, and cut and
chronicled, and all-to-be-praised and sung in sonnets,
and bawled in new brave ballads, that all tongues
shall troul you in *sæcula sæculorum*, my kind can-
carriers. 135

Thra. What, if a toy take 'em i' the heels now, and

they run all away, and cry, 'The devil take the hindmost'?

Dion. Then the same devil take the foremost too, and souse him for his breakfast! If they all prove cowards, my curses fly amongst them, and be speeding! May they have murrains reign to keep the gentlemen at home unbound in easy frieze! may the moths branch their velvets, and their silks only to be worn before sore eyes! may their false lights undo 'em, and discover presses, holes, stains, and oldness in their stuffs, and make them shop-rid! may they keep whores and horses, and break; and live mewed up with necks of beef and turnips! may they have many children, and none like the father! may they know no language but that gibberish they prattle to their parcels, unless it be the goatish Latin they write in their bonds—and may they write that false, and lose their debts!

154

Re-enter King.

King. Now the vengeance of all the gods confound them! How they swarm together! what a hum they raise!—Devils choke your wild throats! If a man had need to use their valours, he must pay a brokage for it, and then bring 'em on, and they will fight like sheep. 'Tis Philaster, none but Philaster, must allay this heat: they will not hear me speak, but fling dirt at me and call me tyrant. Oh, run,

dear friend, and bring the Lord Philaster ! speak him fair ; call him prince ; do him all the courtesy you can ; commend me to him. Oh, my wits, my wits !
[*Exit Cleremont.*]

Dion. Oh, my brave countrymen ! as I live, I will not buy a pin out of your walls for this ; nay, you shall cozen me, and I'll thank you, and send you brawn and bacon, and soil you every long vacation a brace of foremen, that at Michaelmas shall come up fat and kicking.
[*Aside.*]

King. What they will do with this poor prince, the gods know, and I fear. 174

Dion. Why, sir, they'll flay him, and make church-buckets of's skin, to quench rebellion ; then clap a rivet in's sconce, and hang him up for a sign.

Enter Philaster and Cleremont.

King. Oh, worthy sir, forgive me ! do not make
Your miseries and my faults meet together,
To bring a greater danger. Be yourself, 180
Still sound amongst diseases. I have wronged you ;
And though I find it last, and beaten to it,
Let first your goodness know it. Calm the people,
And be what you were born to : take your love,
And with her my repentance, all my wishes
And all my prayers. By the gods, my heart speaks
this ;

And if the least fall from me not performed,
May I be struck with thunder !

Phi. Mighty sir,
I will not do your greatness so much wrong,
As not to make your word truth. Free the princess
And the poor boy, and let me stand the shock 190
Of this mad sea-breach, which I'll either turn,
Or perish with it.

King. Let your own word free them.

Phi. Then thus I take my leave, kissing your hand,
And hanging on your royal word. Be kingly,
And be not moved, sir : I shall bring you peace,
Or never bring myself back.

King. All the gods go with thee. [*Exeunt*

SCENE IV

A Street.

*Enter an old Captain and Citizens with Pharamond
prisoner.*

Cap. Come, my brave myrmidons, let us fall on.
Let our caps swarm, my boys, and your nimble
tongues
Forget your mother-gibberish of 'what do you lack,'
And set your mouths ope, children, till your palates
Fall frightened half a fathom past the cure
Of bay-salt and gross pepper, and then cry

‘Philaster, brave Philaster!’ Let Philaster
Be deeper in request, my ding-a-dings,
My pairs of dear indentures, kings of clubs,
Than your cold water-camlets, or your paintings
Spitted with copper. Let not your hasty silks, 10
Or your branched cloth of bodkin, or your tissues,
Dearly belovèd of spiced cake and custard,
Your Robin Hoods, Scarlets, and Johns, tie your
affections
In darkness to your shops. No, dainty duckers,
Up with your three-piled spirits, your wrought
valours;
And let your uncut cholers make the King feel
The measure of your mightiness. Philaster!
Cry, my rose-nobles, cry!

All. Philaster! Philaster!

Cap. How do you like this, my lord-prince? 20
These are mad boys, I tell you; these are things
That will not strike their top-sails to a foist,
And let a man-of-war, an argosy,
Hull and cry cockles.

Pha. Why, you rude slave, do you know what you do?

Cap. My pretty prince of puppets, we do know;
And give your greatness warning that you talk
No more such bug’s-words, or that soldered crown
Shall be scratched with a musket. Dear prince
Pippin,
Down with your noble blood, or, as I live, 30

I'll have you coddled.—Let him loose, my spirits:
 Make us a round ring with your bills, my Hectors,
 And let me see what this trim man dares do.
 Now, sir, have at you ! here I lie ;
 And with this swashing blow (do you see, sweet
 prince?)

I could hulk your grace, and hang you up cross-
 legged,
 Like a hare at a poulter's, and do this with this
 wiper.

Pha. You will not see me murdered, wicked villains ?

First Cit. Yes, indeed, will we, sir ; we have not seen one
 For a great while.

Cap. He would have weapons, would he ?
 Give him a broadside, my brave boys, with your
 pikes ; 41

Branch me his skin in flowers like a satin,
 And between every flower a mortal cut.—
 Your royalty shall ravel !—Jag him, gentlemen ;
 I'll have him cut to the kell, then down the seams.
 Oh for a whip to make him galloon-laces !
 I'll have a coach-whip.

Pha. Oh, spare me, gentlemen !

Cap. Hold, hold ;
 The man begins to fear and know himself ;
 He shall for this time only be seeled up, 50
 With a feather through his nose, that he may only
 See heaven, and think whither he is going. Nay,

Nay, my beyond-sea sir, we will proclaim you :
You would be king !

Thou tender heir-apparent to a church-ale,
Thou slight prince of single sarcenet,
Thou royal ring-tail, fit to fly at nothing
But poor men's poultry, and have every boy
Beat thee from that too with his bread and butter !

Pha. Gods keep me from these hell-hounds ! 60

First Cit. Shall's geld him, captain ?

Cap. No, you shall spare his dowcets, my dear donsels ;
As you respect the ladies, let them flourish :
The curses of a longing woman kill
As speedy as a plague, boys.

First Cit. I'll have a leg, that's certain.

Second Cit. I'll have an arm.

Third Cit. I'll have his nose, and at mineown charge
build a college and clap it upon the gate.

Fourth Cit. I'll have his little gut to string a kit with :
For certainly a royal gut will sound like silver. 71

Pha. Would they were in thy belly, and I past
My pain once !

Fifth Cit. Good captain, let me have his liver to feed
ferrets.

Cap. Who will have parcels else ? speak.

Pha. Good gods, consider me ! I shall be tortured.

First Cit. Captain, I'll give you the trimming of your
two-hand sword, 79
And let me have his skin to make false scabbards.

Second Cit. He had no horns, sir, had he?

Cap. No, sir, he's a pollard:

What wouldst thou do with horns?

Second Cit.

Oh, if he had had,

I would have made rare hafts and whistles of 'em;

But his shin-bones, if they be sound, shall serve me.

Enter Philaster.

All. Long live Philaster, the brave Prince Philaster!

Phi. I thank you, gentlemen. But why are these
Rude weapons brought abroad, to teach your hands
Uncivil trades?

Cap.

My royal Rosicleer,

We are thy myrmidons, thy guard, thy roarers; 90

And when thy noble body is in durance,

Thus do we clap our musty murrions on,

And trace the streets in terror. Is it peace,

Thou Mars of men? is the King sociable,

And bids thee live? art thou above thy foemen,

And free as Phœbus? speak. If not, this stand

Of royal blood shall be abroach, a-tilt,

And run even to the lees of honour.

Phi. Hold, and be satisfied: I am myself;

100

Free as my thoughts are: by the gods, I am!

Cap. Art thou the dainty darling of the King?

Art thou the Hylas to our Hercules?

Do the lords bow, and the regarded scarlets

Kiss their gummed golls, and cry 'We are your servants'?

Is the court navigable, and the presence stuck
With flags of friendship? If not, we are thy castle,
And this man sleeps.

Phi. I am what I desire to be, your friend ;
I am what I was born to be, your prince. 110

Pha. Sir, there is some humanity in you ;
You have a noble soul : forget my name,
And know my misery : set me safe aboard
From these wild cannibals, and, as I live,
I'll quit this land for ever. There is nothing,—
Perpetual prisonment, cold, hunger, sickness
Of all sorts, of all dangers, and all together,
The worst company of the worst men, madness, age,
To be as many creatures as a woman,
And do as all they do, nay, to despair,— 120
But I would rather make it a new nature,
And live with all those, than endure one hour
Amongst these wild dogs.

Phi. I do pity you.—Friends, discharge your fears ;
Deliver me the prince : I'll warrant you
I shall be old enough to find my safety.

Third Cit. Good sir, take heed he does not hurt you :
He is a fierce man, I can tell you, sir.

Cap. Prince, by your leave, I'll have a surcingle,
And make you like a hawk. 130

Phi. Away, away, there is no danger in him :

Alas, he had rather sleep to shake his fit off !
Look you, friends, how gently he leads ! Upon my
word,

He's tame enough, he needs no further watching.

Good my friends, go to your houses,

And by me have your pardons and my love ;

And know there shall be nothing in my power

You may deserve, but you shal have your wishes :

To give you more thanks, were to flatter you.

Continue still your love ; and, for an earnest, 140

Drink this. *[Gives money.]*

All. Long may'st thou live, brave prince, brave prince,
brave prince ! *[Exeunt Philaster and Pharamond.]*

Cap. Go thy ways, thou art the king of courtesy !

Fall off again, my sweet youths. Come,

And every man trace to his house again,

And hang his pewter up ; then to the tavern,

And bring your wives in muffs. We will have music ;

And the red grape shall make us dance and rise,

boys. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE V

An Apartment in the Palace.

Enter King, Arethusa, Galatea, Megra, Dion, Clermont, Thrasiline, Bellario, and Attendants.

King. Is it appeased ?

Dion. Sir, all is quiet as this dead of night,

As peaceable as sleep. My lord Philaster
Brings on the prince himself.

King. Kind gentleman !

I will not break the least word I have given
In promise to him : I have heaped a world
Of grief upon his head, which yet I hope
To wash away.

Enter Philaster and Pharamond.

Cle. My lord is come.

King. My son !

Blest be the time that I have leave to call
Such virtue mine ! Now thou art in mine arms, 10
Methinks I have a salve unto my breast
For all the stings that dwell there. Streams of grief
That I have wrought thee, and as much of joy
That I repent it, issue from mine eyes :
Let them appease thee. Take thy right ; take her ;
She is thy right too ; and forget to urge
My vexèd soul with that I did before.

Phi. Sir, it is blotted from my memory,
Past and forgotten.—For you, prince of Spain,
Whom I have thus redeemed, you have full leave 20
To make an honourable voyage home.
And if you would go furnished to your realm
With fair provision, I do see a lady,
Methinks, would gladly bear you company :
How like you this piece ?

Meg.

Sir, he likes it well,

For he hath tried it, and hath found it worth
His princely liking. We were ta'en a-bed ;
I know your meaning. I am not the first
That nature taught to seek a fellow forth ;
Can shame remain perpetually in me,
And not in others ? or have princes salves
To cure ill names, that meaner people want ?

30

Phi. What mean you ?*Meg.*

You must get another ship,

To bear the princess and her boy together.

Dion. How now !

Meg. Others took me, and I took her and him
At that all women may be ta'en some time :
Ship us all four, my lord ; we can endure
Weather and wind alike.

King. Clear thou thyself, or know not me for father. 40

Are. This earth, how false it is ! What means is left for me
To clear myself ? It lies in your belief :
My lords, believe me ; and let all things else
Struggle together to dishonour me.

Bel. Oh, stop your ears, great King, that I may speak
As freedom would ! then I will call this lady
As base as are her actions : hear me, sir ;
Believe your heated blood when it rebels
Against your reason, sooner than this lady.

Meg. By this good light, he bears it handsomely. 50*Phi.* This lady ! I will sooner trust the wind

With feathers, or the troubled sea with pearl,
Than her with anything. Believe her not.
Why, think you, if I did believe her words,
I would outlive 'em? Honour cannot take
Revenge on you ; then what were to be known
But death?

King. Forget her, sir, since all is knit
Between us. But I must request of you
One favour, and will sadly be denied.

Phi. Command, whate'er it be.

King. Swear to be true 60
To what you promise.

Phi. By the powers above,
Let it not be the death of her or him,
And it is granted !

King. Bear away that boy
To torture : I will have her cleared or buried.

Phi. Oh, let me call my word back, worthy sir !
Ask something else : bury my life and right
In one poor grave ; but do not take away
My life and fame at once.

King. Away with him ! It stands irrevocable.

Phi. Turn all your eyes on me : here stands a man, 70
The falsest and the basest of this world.
Set swords against this breast, some honest man,
For I have lived till I am pitied !
My former deeds were hateful : but this last
Is pitiful, for I unwillingly

Have given the dear preserver of my life
Unto his torture. Is it in the power
Of flesh and blood to carry this, and live?

[*Offers to stab himself.*]

Are. Dear sir, be patient yet! Oh, stay that hand!

King. Sirs, strip that boy.

Dion. Come, sir; your tender flesh 80
Will try your constancy.

Bel. Oh, kill me, gentlemen!

Dion. No.—Help, sir.

Bel. Will you torture me?

King. Haste there;
Why stay you?

Bel. Then I shall not break my vow,
You know, just gods, though I discover all.

King. How's that? will he confess?

Dion. Sir, so he says.

King. Speak then.

Bel. Great King, if you command
This lord to talk with me alone, my tongue,
Urged by my heart, shall utter all the thoughts
My youth hath known; and stranger things than
these
You hear not often.

King. Walk aside with him. 90
[*Dion and Bellario walk apart.*]

Dion. Why speak'st thou not?

Bel. Know you this face, my lord?

Dion. No.

Bel. Have you not seen it, nor the like?

Dion. Yes, I have seen the like, but readily
I know not where.

Bel. I have been often told
In court of one Euphrasia, a lady,
And daughter to you ; betwixt whom and me
They that would flatter my bad face would swear
There was such strange resemblance, that we two
Could not be known asunder, drest alike.

Dion. By Heaven, and so there is !

Bel. For her fair sake, 100
Who now doth spend the spring-time of her life
In holy pilgrimage, move to the King
That I may scape this torture.

Dion. But thou speak'st
As like Euphrasia as thou dost look.
How came it to thy knowledge that she lives
In pilgrimage?

Bel. I know it not, my lord ;
But I have heard it, and do scarce believe it.

Dion. Oh, my shame ! is it possible ? Draw near,
That I may gaze upon thee. Art thou she,
Or else her murderer ? where wert thou born ? 110

Bel. In Syracuse.

Dion. What's thy name ?

Bel. Euphrasia.

Dion. Oh, 'tis just, 'tis she !

Now I do know thee. Oh that thou hadst died,
And I had never seen thee nor my shame !
How shall I own thee ? shall this tongue of mine
E'er call thee daughter more ?

Bel. Would I had died indeed ! I wish it too :
And so I must have done by vow, ere published
What I have told, but that there was no means
To hide it longer. Yet I joy in this, 120
The princess is all clear.

King. What, have you done ?

Dion. All is discovered.

Phi. Why then hold you me ?
[Offers to stab himself.]

All is discovered ! Pray you, let me go.

King. Stay him.

Are. What is discovered ?

Dion. Why, my shame.

It is a woman : let her speak the rest.

Phi. How ? that again !

Dion. It is a woman.

Phi. Blessed be you powers that favour innocence !

King. Lay hold upon that lady. [Megra is seized.]

Phi. It is a woman, sir !—Hark, gentlemen,
It is a woman !—Arethusa, take 130
My soul into thy breast, that would be gone
With joy. It is a woman ! Thou art fair,
And virtuous still to ages, in despite
Of malice.

King. Speak you, where lies his shame?

Bel. I am his daughter.

Phi. The gods are just.

Dion. I dare accuse none ; but, before you two,
The virtue of our age, I bend my knee
For mercy. [Kneels.

Phi. [raising him.] Take it freely ; for I know,
Though what thou didst were indiscreetly done, 141
'Twas meant well.

Are. And for me, I have a power
To pardon sins, as oft as any man
Has power to wrong me.

Cle. Noble and worthy !

Phi. But, Bellario
(For I must call thee still so), tell me why
Thou didst conceal thy sex. It was a fault,
A fault, Bellario, though thy other deeds
Of truth outweighed it : all these jealousies
Had flown to nothing, if thou hadst discovered 150
What now we know.

Bel. My father oft would speak
Your worth and virtue ; and, as I did grow
More and more apprehensive, I did thirst
To see the man so raised. But yet all this
Was but a maiden-longing, to be lost
As soon as found ; till, sitting in my window,
Printing my thoughts in lawn, I saw a god,
I thought (but it was you), enter our gates :

My blood flew out and back again, as fast
As I had puffed it forth and sucked it in 160
Like breath : then was I called away in haste
To entertain you. Never was a man,
Heaved from a sheep-cote to a sceptre, raised
So high in thoughts as I : you left a kiss
Upon these lips then, which I mean to keep
From you for ever : I did hear you talk,
Far above singing. After you were gone,
I grew acquainted with my heart, and searched
What stirred it so : alas, I found it love !
Yet far from lust ; for, could I but have lived 170
In presence of you, I had had my end.
For this I did elude my noble father
With a feigned pilgrimage, and dressed myself
In habit of a boy ; and, for I knew
My birth no match for you, I was past hope
Of having you ; and, understanding well
That when I made discovery of my sex
I could not stay with you, I made a vow,
By all the most religious things a maid
Could call together, never to be known, 180
Whilst there was hope to hide me from men's eyes,
For other than I seemed, that I might ever
Abide with you. Then sat I by the fount,
Where first you took me up.

King.

Search out a match

Within our kingdom, where and when thou wilt,

And I will pay thy dowry ; and thyself
Wilt well deserve him.

Bel. Never, sir, will I
Marry ; it is a thing within my vow :
But, if I may have leave to serve the princess,
To see the virtues of her lord and her, 190
I shall have hope to live.

Are. I, Philaster,
Cannot be jealous, though you had a lady
Drest like a page to serve you ; nor will I
Suspect her living here.—Come, live with me ;
Live free as I do. She that loves my lord,
Cursed be the wife that hates her !

Phi. I grieve such virtue should be laid in earth
Without an heir.—Hear me, my royal father :
Wrong not the freedom of our souls so much,
To think to take revenge of that base woman ; 200
Her malice cannot hurt us. Set her free
As she was born, saving from shame and sin.

King. Set her at liberty. But leave the court ;
This is no place for such.—You, Pharamond,
Shall have free passage, and a conduct home
Worthy so great a prince. When you come there
Remember 'twas your faults that lost you her,
And not my purposed will.

Pha. I do confess,
Renownèd sir. 209

King. Last, join your hands in one. Enjoy, Philaster,

This kingdom, which is yours, and, after me,
Whatever I call mine. My blessing on you !
All happy hours be at your marriage-joys,
That you may grow yourselves over all lands,
And live to see your plenteous branches spring
Wherever there is sun ! Let princes learn
By this to rule the passions of their blood ;
For what Heaven wills can never be withstood.

[Exeunt.]

GLOSSARY

- ABUSED, deceived; I. i. 325; III. i. 105.
- ANSWERABLE, suitable, convenient; IV. ii. 32.
- APPREHENSIVE, capable of understanding; IV. ii. 32. Cf. *Julius Cæsar*, III. i. 67:—
‘Men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive.’
- ARTICLES, makes terms with; IV. ii. 32.
- BASILISK, a fabulous serpent supposed to kill by its look; I. ii. 70; IV. iii. 29.
- BELLIED, swollen, extravagant; I. i. 234.
- BILLS, pikes with hooked points; V. iv. 31.
- BLANKS, blank verses; II. ii. 97.
- BOLTED, started off, escaped; II. ii. 9.
- BRANCH, embroider, make patterns over; V. iii. 144; V. iv. 42.
- BRAVE, gaily dressed, II. iv. 25; III. i. 157.
- BRAVERY, ostentation; I. i. 264.
- BUGS, objects of terror; I. i. 235. Cf. 3 *Henry VI.*, II. 2:—
‘For Warwick was a bug that feared us all.’
- BUG’S-WORDS, terrifying, high-sounding words; V. iv. 28.
- CANTHARIDES, a drug consisting of dried Spanish flies; IV. i. 41.
- CARDUUS, thistle; II. ii. 43.
- CARRIAGE, behaviour; II. iv. 113; baggage, IV. i. 38.
- CIRCUMSTANCES, circumstantial details; III. i. 134.
- CLOUDY, gloomy; IV. i. 3.
- CHURCH-ALE, festival to commemorate the dedication of a church; V. iv. 55.
- COG, cheat; I. i. 59.
- CONSTER, construe; II. i. 8.
- CROSSLY, unsuitably, inauspiciously; II. iv. 53.
- CURIOUS, scrupulous; III. i. 20.
- CURST, cross; II. iii. 35. Cf. *Much Ado about Nothing*, II. i. 22:—
‘I’faith she’s too curst.’
- DOWCETS, *testes*; IV. ii. 13; V. iv. 62.
- DUCKERS, bowing, cringing shopmen; V. iv. 14.
- DULNESS, sleepiness; IV. iv. 6. Cf. *The Tempest*, I. ii. 185:—
‘Thou art inclined to sleep: ’tis a good dulness,
And give it way.’
- ELDER-GUN, a popgun made of elder-wood by extracting the pith; I. i. 226.
- EPITHALAMIUM, a bridal song; V. iii. 21.
- FOLLOWERS, pursuers; IV. iv. 33.

FOX, a broadsword; iv. iii. 131.
Derived probably from the mark
on the blade. Cf. Webster, *The
White Devil* :—

'O what blade is't?
A Toledo, or an English fox?'

GALLOON-LACES, pieces of close
lace for binding, originally of
worsted. From Spanish *galon*=
finery.

HECTORS, martial fellows; v. iv.
32.

HONEST, chaste; ii. ii. 5; iv. ii. 23.
HUMOUR, moisture; v. iii. 31.

JAG, cut or slash; v. iv. 43.

JEALOUS, suspicious; ii. iv. 14, etc.

KELL, the caul about a hart's
paunch; v. iv. 45.

KIT, a small violin; v. iv. 70.

LEG, a bow; i. i. 80.

LIME-HOUND, a hunting dog, so
called from the *lyam*, or *lym*, by
which it was led. In *King Lear*,
iii. vi. 67, *lym* is used of the dog
itself.

LODGED, entrapped, brought to
covert; iv. ii. 1.

MINION, favourite at court; i. i. 311.

MURRAINS, plagues; v. iii. 142.

MURRIIONS, steel caps; v. iv. 92.

OUTLANDISH, foreign; i. i. 205.

PARCELS, pieces; v. iv. 77.

PHYSICAL, good for the health,
salutary; iv. i. 24. Cf. *Julius
Cæsar*, ii. i. 261 :—

'Is it physical
To walk unbraced, and suck up
the humours
Of the dank morning?'

POLLARD, a stag which has cast its
horns; v. iv. 82.

POPINJAYS, parrots; i. i. 206.

PRESENT, immediate; ii. iv. 87.

PREVENT, anticipate; i. ii. 195.

PRODIGIOUS, portentous, ill-omened;
ii. iv. 166; v. iii. 60.

POULTER, poulterer; v. iv. 37.

PYRAMIS, pyramid; iv. iv. 90.

QUICK, alive; i. i. 171.

RAVEL, to become disjoined or
frayed; v. iv. 44.

RESOLVED, assured; ii. iv. 95.

RING-TAIL, a kite with a whitish
tail; v. iv. 57.

ROARERS, blustering fellows,
bullies; v. iv. 90.

SARCENET, a fine, thin, silk fabric—
literally 'Saracen-stuff'; v. iv. 56.

SCONCE, head; v. iii. 177.

SERVANTS, lovers; i. i. 119.

SEVERAL, separate, different; i. ii.
116.

SLIP, a leash or noose for holding a
dog; iv. i. 15.

STONE-BOW, a cross-bow which
shoots stones; iv. ii. 9.

SURCINGLE, a band for pinioning a
hawk; v. iv. 129.

TAINTED, affected in mind; i. i.
212.

TENDER'ST, carest for; iii. i. 279.

TILLER, a cross-bow; ii. ii. 45.

TOWSABEL, a jeering alteration of
Dowsabel (the reading of Q. 1), a
common name of pastoral heroines,
derived from Fr. *donce et belle*.
Cf. Drayton, *Ecl.*, iv. :—

'He had, as antique stories tell,
A daughter cleaped Dowsabel.'

Philaster

GLOSSARY

TOY, whim; v. iii. 136. Cf. *Hamlet*,
i. iii. 6:—

‘For Hamlet and the trifling of
his favour,
Hold it a fashion and a toy in
blood.’

TRAVELS, labours; i. i. 153.

TROUL, to shout tumultuously; iv.
iii. 134.

TURTLE, a dove; i. i. 209.

VENERY, hunting; iv. ii. 16.

WHAT-YE-LACKS, shopmen, so called

from their customary cry to the
passers-by; v. iii. 123.

WATER-CAMLETS, rich fabrics,
made of silk, wool, or other
materials, with a wavy or watered
appearance; v. iv. 9. Cf. Hol-
land's *Pliny*, i. 228:—

‘The waved water Chamelot
was from the beginning es-
teemed the richest and bravest
wearing.’

WIPER, a steel instrument for
cleaning the bore of a musket;
v. iv. 37.

NOTES

Q. 1=Quarto of 1620.	Q. 6=Quarto of 1652.
Q. 2= „ 1622.	Q. 7= „ 1660.
Q. 3= „ 1628.	Q. 8= „ 1687.
Q. 4= „ 1634.	Q. 9= „ 1717.
Q. 5= „ 1639.	F.=Folio of 1679.

In the old texts, from 1628 onwards, the scene of the play is simply given as 'Cicilie.' Dyce substituted 'Messina and its neighbourhood.' His stage-directions have been adopted throughout.

I. i. 42. *Pleased*: this (with the variant spelling, *pleasde*), is the reading of all the texts. Dyce asks, 'Can the true reading be *released*?' but the original text gives a sufficiently satisfactory meaning.

Stage-direction, *Enter Galatea, a Lady, and Megra*. In the old texts the order is *Galatea, Megra, and a Lady*, but the alteration is necessary, as there can be no doubt that Dion's speech, ll. 57-66, applies to Megra. The old texts further, in the lines that follow, mistakenly assign to the Lady the words of Megra, and *vice versa*; hence Q. 3, and following early editions, add to the list of *dramatis personæ*, 'An old wanton Lady or Croane.'

I. i. 112. *To speak*: Q. 2 reads *To talk of*.

I. i. 145. *By more than all the gods*: This is the reading of Q.'s 1, 2, 3, and 8. Q.'s 4, 5, 6, 7, 9, and F. read 'By more than all my hopes.'

I. i. 150. *Opine*: this is the reading of F. and Q. 9, and has been generally adopted by modern editors. But it does not give

an entirely satisfactory sense. The other Q.'s read *open*, which is unintelligible.

I. i. 186-190. In the old texts the passage is printed :—

‘This earth you tread upon
(A dowry as you hope with this fair Princess
Whose memory I bow to) was not left
By my dead father (oh, I had a father)
To your inheritance.’

I. i. 205. *Looks like a tooth-drawer*. Ray in his *Proverbs* interprets this as looking ‘very thin and meagre.’

I. i. 218-219. *To him, That made the world his*: Alexander the Great.

I. i. 242. *A pattern of succession*: a pattern to succeeding kings.

I. i. 247. *A prince of wax*: well made, as if modelled in wax. Cf. the Nurse's description of Paris as ‘a man of wax’ (*Romeo and Juliet*, I. iii.). Galatea's retort, *a dog it is*, refers to the cant phrase of the day, ‘a dog of wax,’ the meaning of which is obscure.

I. i. 253. *Nothing hopes and fears*: this is the reading of Q.'s 1, 2, 3, and 8. The other texts have *nought but hopes and fears*. In either case there seems some corruption.

I. i. 255. *And right me*: this, the reading of Q.'s 1 and 2, is preferable on metrical grounds to *and right me not*, the reading of the later texts.

I. i. 265. *A true tenant*: this is the reading of all the texts except Q. 1, which has *a true truant*. This, in spite of the jingle, gives a more satisfactory meaning. Milford conjectured *recreant*.

I. i. 313. *If I could*: the old texts read *If you could*.

I. i. 322. *Injuries*: Q. 1 alone reads *virtues*.

I. ii. 116. *Flowers bred in the vale*: this is the reading of Q. 1, and it gives an intelligible sense, though no mention has been made

in the previous lines of a 'vale.' The older texts read *bred in the bay*, of which no satisfactory interpretation seems possible. Mason thought that the words meant 'woven in the garland,' but there is no instance of *brede*=braid having a strong past participle.

II. ii. 26. *This wire*: part of a woman's head-dress. Cf. Jonson's *Silent Woman*, 'It dropt all my wire and my ruff with wax candle,' and Middleton's *Michaelmas Term*, 'A narrow-eared wire sets out a cheek so fat and so full.'

II. ii. 61. *White money*: 'a cant term for silver specie' (Dyce).

II. ii. 65. *Camphire constitutions*. Camphire was considered pre-eminently cold.

II. iii. 26. *Was never altered*: this is the reading of the Quartos, and should be retained. The use of a singular verb after a plural substantive is common in Elizabethan English. F. alone reads *were*.

II. iv. 92. *Makes*: the reading of all the old texts. Cf. previous note.

II. iv. 99. *Renegadoes*: the Spanish *renegado* was used throughout the seventeenth century with the meaning, 'apostate,' 'turn-coat.' Cf. *Twelfth Night*, III. ii. 63, 'Malvolio is turned heathen, a very renegado.' It seems here to be loosely used in the sense of 'treacherous intruders,' or perhaps, 'ruffians.'

II. iv. 123. *Ride a stage*: the reading of Q. 1, and evidently correct. The majority of the other editions read *a stagge*, while Q. 8 has *stag*, and Q. 6 and F. *stagg*. There is an allusion to the necessity, at the period, of obtaining a warrant for the hire of post-horses.

II. iv. 178. *Nine worthies*: Joshua, Judas Maccabæus, David, Alexander the Great, Hector, Julius Cæsar, Charlemagne, Godfrey of Bouillon, and King Arthur.

III. i. 23. *Bulls of brass*: an allusion to the brazen bull of Phalaris.

III. i. 106. *For bursting*: for fear of bursting. It was popularly supposed that there were districts where no venomous creature could live.

IV. i. 22. *A sick man's salve*: an ironical allusion to a work by Thomas Bacon called *The Sick Man's Salve. Wherein al faithful Christians may learne both how to behave themselves patiently and thankfully in the time of sicknesse, and also vertouslie to dispose their temporall goods and finally to prepare themselves gladly and godly to die.* The first edition was published in 1561.

IV. i. 33. *A foolish twinkling with the eye, that spoils her coat*: 'The allusion is to mullets, or stars, introduced into coats of arms, to distinguish the younger branches of a family, which, of course, denote inferiority.'

IV. i. 48. *Large*: the reading of Q.'s 1 and 2. The later editions read *great*.

IV. ii. 10-11. *He forsook the say, for paying ten shillings.* It was customary, after the deer had been hunted down, for the keeper to offer his knife to a leading personage among the huntsmen, that he might rip up the belly and take an *assay* of the condition of the game. Pharamond declined the offer, in order to escape the fee of ten shillings. On the use of *for* in the passage, cf. III. i. 106.

IV. ii. 14-15. *The velvet-head . . . to turf his hat withal.* Turber-vile, in his *Art of Venerie*, states that a hart's head (*i.e.* horns) 'when it cometh first out, hath a russet pile upon it, the which is called *velvet*, and his head is called then a *velvet-head*.' To *turf* is to 're-cover.'

IV. ii. 16. *Sir Tristrem*: the patron knight of the chase.

IV. ii. 18. *A rascal milking in a meadow*: the reading of all the texts. A 'rascal' is a lean deer, not fit to be hunted. Theobald, followed by later editors, has substituted 'miching,' *i.e.* 'creeping along by itself,' for 'milking,' but the original reading may be correct.

IV. ii. 84. *Studded with*: Q. 1 reads 'star-dyed with,' and Q.'s 7 and 9 and F. read 'subbed with.'

IV. iii. 53. *Sirs*: used formerly as a term of address to women as well as men.

iv. iii. 61. *Meeting*: the reading of all the old texts except Q. 1, which has *meetings*.

iv. iii. 89. *Venies at wasters*: bouts at cudgels. Cf. Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, 'They that play at wasters exercise themselves by a few cudgels how to avoid an enemy's blows.' Theobald connects 'wasters' with the Latin *vastatores*, but the origin of the word is doubtful.

iv. iv. 1. *A heaviness near death*: Q. 1 reads *O heavens! heavy death*.

iv. iv. 60. *To hurt*. Q. 2 alone reads *strike*.

iv. iv. 123-124. *But say It was Philaster*: this, the reading of all texts except Q. 1, is not nonsense, as Dyce suggests. Pharamond, in his eagerness to convict his rival Philaster of crime, characteristically appeals to the King to declare that he, and not Bellario, is guilty of the attack on the Princess. Q. 1 reads 'but *sute* it was.' Hence Dyce reads 'but *sure* it was.'

v. ii. 1. *Nay, faith, Philaster*: the reading of Q.'s 1, 2, and 3. The other texts (except Q. 9, which has *Nay, Philaster*) read 'Nay, *dear* Philaster.'

v. ii. 5. *Shot*: the reading of all the texts except Q. 1, which has *shut*.

v. ii. 21. *By limbs*: this, the reading of Q. 2, is preferable to that of the later texts, '*my limbs*.' Q. 1 reads '*waste by time*.'

v. ii. 40. *Your life no price compared to mine*. This was Mason's alteration of the original reading, *My life no price compared to yours*, which gives a sense opposite to that intended by Philaster. Mason's alteration had been already anticipated by the author of *The Restoration*. Q. 1 reads, *My life no whit compared to yours for love*.

v. iii. 29. *Free from the fervour of the Sirian Star*: the reading of Q. 1. Other texts have, *Free from the Sirian Star*.

v. iii. 42. *Divided*: Q. 1 reads *unarm'd*.

v. iii. 55. *Hymen turn his saffron*. The figure of Hymen in masques was arrayed in saffron-coloured robes.

v. iii. 65. *Chafed*: the reading of Q. 1. *Chast* is the reading of Q.'s 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8; *Cast* of Q.'s 6, 7, 9, and F.

v. iii. 80. This line is only found in Q. 1.

v. iii. 108. *Fearing*: fearing for.

v. iii. 130. *Shin*: Q. 1 reads *skin*, which may be right.

v. iii. 133. *Bawled*: adopted by Dyce from Heath's MS. notes. The old texts have *bath'd*.

v. iii. 143-144. *False lights*: used by dishonest tradesmen to enable them to palm off inferior goods on their customers. Dyce refers in illustration to Middleton's *Michaelmas Term*, where the rascally woollen-draper addresses his assistant, Falselight—

'Go, make my coarse commodities look sleek;
With subtle art beguile the honest eye;
Be near to my trap-window, cunning Falselight.'

v. iii. 153-154. *The Goatish Latin*: the reading of Q.'s 1 (with the spelling *gotish*), 2, 3, and 9, and certainly correct. Dyce quotes from Hormanni's *Vulgaria*: 'The rank savour of goates is applied to them that will not come out of their bawdy [*i.e.* foul, barbarous] Latin.' The other texts read *goarish*.

v. iii. 170. *Soil you . . . a brace of foremen*: fatten a brace of geese. '*Soiling*, the last fattening given to fowls when they are taken up from the stack or barn-door, and cooped for a few days.'—Forby's *Vocabulary of East Anglia*.

v. iv. 7. *Ding-a-dings*: Q. 1. Other texts read, *ding-dongs*. The phrase=darlings.

v. iv. 8. *Kings of Clubs*: an allusion to the favourite weapons of the London apprentices.

v. iv. 9-10. *Paintings Spitted with copper*: coloured clothes stitched over with copper. Cf. Cotgrave: '*Broché*, Broached, *spitted*; also, grosely stitched, sowed or set with great stitches.'

v. iv. 11. *Bodkin*: a corruption of Baudkin, or Baudekyn, which Nares defines as 'the richest kind of stuff, the web being

gold and the woof silk, with embroidery.' According to Strutt, Henry III. was the first English king to use it for his vesture. In the Wardrobe Inventories of Henry V. and Henry VIII. we hear of 'baudekyn of purple silk,' 'white baudekyn of gold,' etc.

v. iv. 15. *Your three-piled spirits, your wrought valours*: An elaborate play on words. *Three-piled* was originally used of the best velvet, because it was thought that 'there was a three-fold accumulation of the outer substance or pile' (Nares, quoted by Dyce). It was thence applied to anything specially excellent, and its use in an address to shopkeepers has a peculiar propriety. Similarly *valours* is used with a punning reference to *velures* or *valures*, i.e. velvets.

v. iv. 19. *Rose-nobles*: gold coins worth 6s. 8d., struck originally in the reign of Edward III., and stamped with a rose.

v. iv. 20. *Lord-prince*: Q. 1 reads *lord-prisoner*, which may be right, as it is metrically preferable.

v. iv. 22-24. *That will not strike . . . cry cockles*. That will not yield to an inferior vessel, and let a man-of-war be idle, and engage in an inferior form of trade. 'Foist' (Fr. *fuste*, Ital. *fusta*) is a small vessel, and, as Weber remarks, in its application to Pharamond, with his gaudy attire and ostentation, there is probably an allusion to the Lord Mayor's gorgeously painted barge, the *galley-foist*. For the meaning of 'hull' cf. *Twelfth Night*, Act I. v. 216-217:—

'MAL. Will you hoist sail, sir? Here lies your way.

VIOL. No, good swabber; I am to hull here a little longer.'

'Cry Cockles,' according to Grose (*Class. Dict. of the Vulgar Tongue*), quoted by Dyce, means 'to be hanged,' perhaps from the noise made whilst strangling. If this is the correct interpretation, there is an abrupt change in the metaphor, suggested by the fate of which Philaster stands in peril. But 'cry cockles' may perhaps mean 'engage in an inferior form of trade.' Such an in-

terpretation finds some support in the reading of Q. 1, *Stoope to carry coals*.

v. iv. 29. *Musket*: a pun on the double meaning of the word, (1) a male sparrow-hawk, (2) a weapon. Dyce quotes from Turbervile's *Booke of Falconrie*, 'All these kind of hawks have their male birds and cocks, as the sparrowhawk his *musket*.'

v. iv. 35. *Do you see, sweet prince?*: so Q. 2. In Q. 1 we have, 'Do you *huffe*, sweete Prince?' Other readings are—'Do you sweete Prince?' 'do you sweat, Prince?' 'do you swear, Prince?'

v. iv. 36. *Hulk*: so all editions except Q. 1, *hock*. The reading *hulk*, i.e. 'to take entrails out of,' is preferable to *hock*, i.e., hough or hamstring, which could scarcely be used of a hare.

v. iv. 50-51. *Seeled up, With a feather through his nose*. '*Seeled*' is a term in falconry: when a hawk is first taken, a thread is run through its eyelids so that she may see very little, to make her better endure the hood' (Theobald). Sometimes a small feather was used for the purpose, and this is alluded to here.

v. iv. 62. *Donsels*: Youths, properly young gentlemen, professing arms, and not yet knighted. Low Latin *domicellus*; Spanish *donzel*.

v. iv. 68-69. A reference, of course, to Brasenose College, Oxford.

v. iv. 79. *Two-hand sword*: the right reading is doubtful. Q.'s 2 and 3 read *2-hand sword*; Q.'s 4, 5, 6, 7, 9, and F., *hand sword*; Q. 8, *second-hand sword*.

v. iv. 89. *Rosicleer*: a personage in the Spanish romance, *Donzel de Phebo*, translated under the title of *The Mirror of Knighthood, wherein is shewed the Worthinesse of the Knight of the Sunne and his Brother Rosicleer*.

v. iv. 105. *Gummed golls*: 'Hands (or rather fists, paws), to which some sort of gum had been applied either for its perfume or its bleaching quality. Ben Jonson speaks of effeminate persons

'bleaching their hands at midnight, gumming and bridling their beards, etc.—*Discoveries*' (Dyce).

V. iv. 130. *Make you like a hawk*: so all old texts except F., which has *male you*, etc. 'Make' was a technical term in falconry—to train, render obedient. It is strange that Dyce, who quotes instances of this use from Turbervile's *Booke of Falconrie*, should yet adopt the reading *mail* (i.e. pinion), of which he considers *male* in F. to be a variant spelling.

V. v. 13. *That I have wrought thee*: so all old texts. Modern editors have substituted *wrong'd*. May the right reading be, *at that I have wrought thee*?

V. v. 48. *Heated*: so Q. 2. Other texts *hated*.

V. v. 110. *Or else her murderer*. It was believed in some barbarous countries that the murderer inherited the qualities and shape of the person he destroyed.

V. v. 154. *Raised*: so all old texts. The reading may perhaps mean, 'so raised above the rest,' as it is interpreted in *The Restauration*, but Settle in his adaptation gave *praised*, which has been adopted by modern editors.







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